THE ENGLISHMAN.

[handwritten inscription] 1827

A Novel.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

BY

MISS BYRON,

AUTHOR OF THE ENGLISHWOMAN; HOURS OF AFFLUENCE AND DAYS OF INDIGENCE; MODERN VILLA AND ANCIENT CASTLE, &c. &c.

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My affections
Are then most humble; I've no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

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THE

ENGLISHMAN.

CHAP. I.

SIDNEY found the family at the cottage (with the exception of our heroine) engaged in retracing scenes of times long past. Sir Ormsby, though acquainted with many of the circumstances, took a melancholy pleasure in the opportunities they afforded of venting his regrets. Fitzhenry could not wholly exculpate himself from charges of remissness; yet he *had* ever intended to adopt the orphan, and had made actual provision for her comfort, by communication to his agents. How his purpose had been defeated, he knew not; some

man we esteem, feel all the delight which justness of intention inspires in the mind rightly impelled; but he who rejects our bounty, while he retains the affections, acts up to the character of man in his most exalted station. Subjection is natural to us, agreeably to the rank in which we are born; but, if man must *yield* to subjection, I must believe he would seek it amongst strangers, certainly not of a friend."

"I agree with you, Mr. Wentworth," replied Mrs. Manderson; "and indeed, when do I not applaud your sentiments? A *young* man would be despicable in submitting to the vassalage of friends, however amiable. I pride myself on the character of my nephew, who, in conforming himself to the sedentary drudgery of an office, is, in my eyes, exalted. His gain in the situation he filled was by no means adequate to his exertions, though liberality marked the conduct of his employers; nay, I rejoice in the certainty that his suc-

cessor, though trained to its duties, will not be found more equal to the appointment."

"Did you ever remark how accurately nice the notions of women are in all that regards our sex?" said the colonel, addressing Sidney. "Upon my honour, I think they are equal to inspiring justness of principle in men, if they would listen to them."

"It is a chivalrous sort of delicacy," replied Wentworth; "a chastened conception of our qualities, which I *fear* they, in many instances, over-rate. A woman of sense is infinitely discerning; a better delineator of character than is generally believed; yet she who depicts us better than we are is in no danger of being duped: when she discovers her error, she erases us from her selection; but, with the ardour of a good mind, she is not less the creature of observation; she carries her system onwards; and though *blanks* intervene, the registry of her discernment would be found

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an honourable and flattering testimonial of our real worth."

"You are exciting a very inconsistent feeling in a woman of my age," said Mrs. Manderson, rising. "I dare not answer you, Mr. Wentworth, lest you should rescind your handsome eulogium;" and as she left her attached auditory, each party grew eloquent in her praise.

Sir Ormsby sought of Fitzhenry his immediate plans. The colonel explained.

"London is getting truly uncomfortable," said the baronet, "yet I cannot consent to leave it while Sidney remains there; and, indeed, I feel it an essential duty to attend the introduction of Miss Fitzhenry, Amelia I must call her. I look forward with delight to the effect her reappearance in the world will produce, not from the consequence she derives from fortune, or your protection; but I shall see her manner; with these butterflies of situation, her judgment will be called into action; from all I have heard, she will dis-

criminate. I trust to her culling a circle from the general herd, which shall do credit to her understanding."

"But if she should be *too* chivalrous, Wentworth," said the colonel, "what shall we do?"

"She is not required to exercise this talent, colonel," said Wentworth. "*Male* friends are out of question; *they* must, in *future*, approach her through *my* introduction."

"Then I pity the wretches," replied Fitzhenry, with a smile; "how *select* your *coterie* will be!"

"You are right; my penetration will be quickened. From this moment, I will not only shut my doors against the immoral, but the *conspicuous* of my own sex. My faith in the woman I love is not to be weakened or alarmed by her *accidental* intercourse with persons of prominent character. I am accountable for her foibles, if I voluntarily expose her to contamination. I use the word in its least offensive

sen[illegible].

sense. No woman is decidedly criminal, but from an innate dereliction of principle.—Whatever allowances I make for an attached heart, I can scarcely find apology for the *educated* woman who falls from honour. *Pure* love in man never sought the degradation of its object; and can a woman, who, in days of courtship, is exalted to an eminence which forcibly convinces her of her power, can she be so insensible to her superiority, as to forget, for a moment, the pinnacle on which she stands? If she relax one *iota*, the most trivial diminution of her *personal* purity exposes her to dangers, on which even the *favoured* lover had not presumed to calculate. I know apologies are offered for the state of the feelings, when strongly excited towards a particular object; I own the situation to be infinitely delicate, one in which the utmost vigilance of principle is highly essential; and though much depends on the man, it is the *woman* who is the ostensible guardian in these cases. After marriage, all prevention

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of danger rests with the husband; and though it might be insinuated that the woman who requires the watchful guardianship of her husband is at best a superior prisoner, I would refute the charge. It is not in nature, or in modesty, *she* should comprehend the thousand attacks which a libertine has in reserve to destroy his victim; the most efficacious of his arts is the insidious poison of flattery, often cloathed under a strain of sentiment, but too well calculated to throw virtue off its guard. This may prove, with *some* women, a transient error; they may *recede,* ere the subtlety of the demon has destroyed them;—but they have *listened;* and though they should abjure the criminal lore, nay, loath the man who offered it, I will never suffer my peace to sustain a wound so *incurable* in my eyes. No, Amelia loves me; she does not affect to deny it; she knows her power over my heart. We will not presume to set an example to the world; but it is certain we never shall succumb to its

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lax, its doubtful semblances of connubial happiness."

"All this sounds well in theory, Wentworth," said Fitzhenry: "but suppose, for instance, the *most* exalted personages should honour your dwelling by their presence, and your wife grows into notice, is bepuffed in the papers, and envied by her *less* distinguished acquaintance, will it not militate on your prescribed ideas? How will you manage?"

"If I understand you right," said Sidney, smiling, "*my* wife would be in no danger from an honour which every *Englishman* must prize; if she were a *grandmother*, it might excite my fears. *I* really do not anticipate that distinctions of this kind will ever grace my dwelling. Should I ever be so honoured, my attachment to my country, my sincere admiration of the personage to whom you allude, would lead me to the adoption of every resource which could illustrate my sense of his condescension; but I would not exceed my means,

 even

even to gratify my pride, in this particular. Yet I own, with that feeling of spontaneous attachment which the benignity, generosity, and *true* dignity of the *man* in question inspires, wherever he is known, I always see him with delight, and, in his gracious recognition, ever discern the distinctness of *real* and *assumed* superiority."

"You are a true-born Englishman," said the colonel; "yet I would not be understood an enemy to loyalty; on the contrary, it is a highly liberal feeling, when avowed ingenuously, not vaunted in trite scraps, which disgusts rather than unite us to the cause."

"It is happy for a nation when its protectors deserve a peoples' love," said sir Ormsby. "Who that has contemplated the character of our good old king, but participates in his sufferings, regards his bodily anguish with the feelings of a son? I speak with the calmness, the experience of age, when I regret the *foibles* of his race; but when I look on them as sons, I am ready

to declare them bright examples of *filial love*—a quality which never yet existed but in bosoms of *genuine* worth !"

"The right of subjects in matters of opinion or interest is sometimes questioned," resumed our hero ; "but, certainly, we English are not timid in our censures, however exalted the persons we mean to reprove. I think we have exceeded the limits of propriety in more than one instance. It is said, 'satire should be bold, in order to prune prominent error ;' yet I cannot believe the grossness of our strictures will produce the expected good ; on the contrary, the vulgar, who ever lean to the scurrilous side, find subject for their spleen in these meagre, yet generally comprehensible efforts of party malice and vindictive rancour."

"You are not an author, Sidney ; you cannot understand the delight with which a man sits down to lash his superiors ; how his jaundiced mind rejoices in exalted errors ; it is food to his gall-tipped pen."

"One may imagine the nature of his satisfaction," replied Wentworth; "it is on a par with our eagle-eyed orators, who, in a few mutilated sentences, will trip to the Mediterranean and destroy the commercial character of its officers, overthrow the power of Bonaparte, and sacrifice the official reputation of our best lawyers. However wild the chaotic fancies of these men may be, it is an offence to decency, a degradation to a legislative assembly, to suffer such anarchial discussions."

"They answer the best of purposes," said sir Ormsby. "Had we not a few ramblers of this kind, false notions would be *harboured*, in place of being *refuted*. Nothing can be better for our *healthy constitution* than these occasional *eruptions*, which are *dispersed* without the aid of a *physician*."

"I believe you are right, sir," said Sidney, with a half yawn, which betrayed little inclination to pursue the subject. "Durweston stays," he continued; "I hope the count is not ill;" and he walked towards

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the outer door, where he encountered Nancy Bevans.

"Ah! my good girl, I am glad to see you," said Wentworth; "where is the little boy?"

"He is with Miss Amelia, sir. Shall I bring him to you?"

"Do so; and you may tell Miss Fitzhenry we are going."

Nancy departed, and our hero took his station on a rustic bench within the porch. There was something beautifully romantic in the situation of the cottage. The season was smiling, and full of promise, and his own prospects were in unison with the scene.

"Though Nature were bound in chains of ice," thought he, "I could not feel other than happy; but it is soothing to behold this harmony around, it is a sort of festival in Nature, as if a gift so pure as the heart of my Amelia should be bestowed in a season of congenial softness: yet is it a lesson of assimilating morality!" sighed

sighed he. "This luxuriant landscape will fade, will be succeeded by gloom, a transient sleep will give repose to the earth, it will revive again with renewed fragrance—not so my love! if fate should steal her from my arms, if she slept in the grave, where is my consolation?" and his dimmed eye was raised to the vast expanse. "Even from whence my joys flow, must my heart *look* for fortitude; it is 'thine to give, and thine to take away.' I will not dread thy power, Almighty Ruler! thou art all goodness, prone to mercy, and just in thy dealings!" Yet, as the fair object of his tender solicitude approached, as he caught her hand, and stood gazing on her animated features, all the anguish of a final separation stood before his mental eye.

"Has any thing happened?" asked Amelia.

"I was thinking," said Wentworth, as he seated his mistress by his side, "I was thinking of you, Amelia; of our love, its happy prospects; I went on, and from love

I came

I came to death: tell me, am I not an ungrateful being?"

"It would be impossible to reply to you, unless I knew the train of thought which led to this awful, but fit contemplation. It is criminal to pass from present benefits to probable ills; to anticipate sorrow, is to make our gratitude doubtful. If it is only the short stages of our existence on which you have been dwelling, contrasting its importance with our ability to fulfil its appointment justly, I think you have been well employed."

"I was not so wise, Amelia; you were my sole object. I felt, superior as you are, I held you by the common tie.—Death might widow my heart, and leave me a solitary blank in creation."

"Am I exempt from this peculiar anguish?" asked Amelia; and her receding eye dropped beneath that of her lover.

She was wandering fast into futurity, and it was not a woman's path to express all she felt,

felt, while yet the indissoluble knot was untied.

"This mutual sympathy, my dearest girl, is worth an age of anguish. Why do you pause? is it too much to bless me by your bright example?"

"You are a flatterer, Wentworth; and by your sophistry, would make me a traitor to my sex. I must not listen to you."

"I will not tempt you," said Sidney. "You are my all; be ever thus, Amelia—gentle without weakness, chearful without frivolity;—what charms has life for me!"

"If I have beguiled your unreasonably sombre reflections, I have done you a good," replied Amelia; "yet I have not, in fact, *removed* the evil dreaded. How are women to acquire fortitude, if man is thus cheated into security?"

"I am selfish, Amelia; forbear, *you* must not dwell upon the soul-subduing theme;—I should be superstitious; I treasure all you say, and, in absence, console myself

self in repeating your sentiments. When we are the inhabitants of one dwelling, Amelia—when you are mine, irrevocably mine, you will unrestrainedly partake in all the sensibility *I* now avow:—you will do more, Amelia; you must tell me how I grew in your esteem, and sooth the many pangs I have felt for you."

"You are unreasonable, I fear," said our heroine; and, at this moment, Nancy Bevans led Charles to Wentworth.

"My father has found the little box, Miss," said Nancy; "you had left it with the count;" and she presented the identical scent-box which our hero had offered to Amelia at Mrs. Marnley's.

Though Amelia seized it with haste, and hoped to evade the observation of Sidney, it did not escape him. A transient smile passed over his countenance; Amelia saw it; she felt guilty.

"By right this is yours," said she, offering the box to his acceptance. "I always forgot to return it."

"I wish

"I wish you had always remembered you had it, Amelia, yet would not return it."

The confusion of our heroine was increased. She had set too high a value on it, even in that stage of their acquaintance, yet she could not bring herself to avow it; nor did she present it to Sidney with a wish that he should retain it.

"I was more lucky than you, Miss," said old Bevans, approaching the blushing Amelia. "To be sure, the count and I were above an hour looking for it; he was quite concerned for fear it should be lost, as you was so anxious about it."

"Thank you, Bevans," said our heroine; "it is not mine; I wished to restore it to the owner," and, as Bevans withdrew, she once more held it towards Sidney.

"Give it to Charles," said Wentworth, half saucily; "it is of no value." The child immediately claimed the bauble.

"No," said Amelia, "if it is of no worth, I will keep it; the scent is pleasant."

Again

Again Wentworth smiled.

"You are presuming," said Amelia, rising; "what have I said that should excite your laughter?"

"You will not say enough to rouse my gratitude," said Sidney, detaining her.—"See, I am more ingenuous;" and he drew from his pocket-book an invitation-card, written by her hand, and addressed to him from the syren widow's. "However I admired it as a specimen of excellence in writing, its chief value with me was the conviction it had owned your touch, had been pressed by these dear fingers," and he held them to his lips. "Does my confession deserve an answer?"

"I believe it does, but indeed I cannot give you one. Let me go; you are cruelly persevering;" and breaking from him, she hastened to hide her grateful joy in secret.

It was in vain Sidney lingered in hopes of her return; she came not; and though he indulged the most consoling ideas of her

her sympathetic love, he yet feared his perseverance had distressed her.

Sir Ormsby and Mr. Fitzhenry issued forth.

"A short banishment, Sidney," said the baronet; "we shall take our coffee with Mrs. Manderson. Come, my son."

Wentworth whispered a message in the ear of his little favourite, and immediately departed.

The happy reconciliation at the cottage had removed a weight from the mind of sir Ormsby; long as he had held out against conviction, and in silent obduracy nourished a bad passion, like every child of error, he had felt the warnings, the reprovings of conscience; perhaps he had opposed some praise-worthy exertions of principle in his outward character, for the world spoke well of him; yet the gnawing worm was in his heart, and he had the power to dispel it, or, at least, by concession, ameliorate the growing guilt. There was another, though inferior embarrassment, which

now

now engaged his thoughts; he must see lord Arlingham, and explain their mutual mistake with regard to their children. It was true, *he* had been led to believe Wentworth attached to the fair lady Anna; he saw her, and from that moment, was warmly disposed to second the views of the earl. Our hero's confession to his father, as before related, caused the baronet to pause. The subject had slumbered in his mind, till lord Arlingham apprized him of the interview at the castle. Sir Ormsby was preparing to reply, when our Englishman wrote from the cottage, and related those particulars we have given to our readers. Again the earl was forgotten. The present contiguity of their residence made it now more than ever proper the matter should be set at rest. Inquiring of their landlord the dinner-hour at Westbourne, he learned it was five o'clock.

"I shall have time to see my lord," said sir Ormsby. "I would rather announce myself personally, than have him hear I

was

was in his neighbourhood, and neglected an early opportunity of seeing him."

Wentworth smiled as he saw his father depart for the castle. Turning to Fitzhenry, "The characters of my father and lord Arlingham," said he, "are so strikingly opposite, each possesses pride, but of so different a sort, it would be amusing to witness the meeting."

"I never saw this austere animal. Your father is by no means a proud man; he is rather a tenacious disposition—too ardent. I can readily believe his feelings are his worst enemies; and never was countenance more at variance with temper than his; it is the most benevolent, expressive assemblage of features I ever beheld."

"I have often thought so," resumed Sidney; "and indeed, until Durweston's visit, I never had the least idea my father was the slave of temper; I had seen him hasty, and in a moment calmed. For myself, I should be an ingrate, if I did not avow he is the most generous of parents."

"There

"There could be no apology for him, were he otherwise to such a son," said Fitzhenry. "Your mother was a gentle, lovely woman. It must have been you I saw when I visited Wentworth Hall; you were then about three years old."

"I am the only one of their children who survived the first year. Do not be too accurate, colonel; I am getting on; I shall be thirty in a few months."

"If my favour has any weight in your present happiness, Wentworth, do not regret your years. I would not have given my girl to a boy."

"And that it has, you cannot doubt, my dear sir; but, between ourselves, I have never yet discovered years to be a recommendation with the women. Old women have been brought into repute, and maintained their reign most unconscionably; we deserve a lift of this sort."

"You will never get it, so rest content; and as a married man, what *should* it avail *you?*"

"Aye,

"Aye, there's the rub!" said Sidney; "I had forgotten my voluntary bondage."

"Shall I tell Amelia this? would she believe you could *forget?*"

"Stay till my chains are cemented; try my constancy, my gratitude—and then, if I deserve it, give me over to her censure, to her reproof."

"This is a very old story newly edited," said the colonel, smiling. "I grant you have a happy style, and embellish with some judgment; but man *hoping*, and man in *possession*, is a very different animal: have you weighed this matter well?"

"My God! is this a time to ask such a question?" said Sidney, with animation. "Colonel, you are trying me; it might be fair with some men, certainly not with me."

"I have before said you were vain, Wentworth, and you are establishing my remark: pray on what foundation do you so arrogantly build, so boldly assert your infallibility?"

"Not

"Not on pride, sir; on a less reprehensible quality. I love purity. I may pity, and serve a fallen woman; but the society of any than *modest* women never *had* the power of enthralling me. I am no Joseph; human frailty will attach to man; but common principle may surely dictate between the passion that degrades, and that which exalts him. Forgive me if I add, you *argue* like a *single* man—a stranger to that refined feeling which centres in one object: you may have been favoured with the transient preference of woman; she and you may have called it *love*—she may have given her honour to your keeping; yet are you apostates to *pure* love. The libertine may range successfully; he dies without an idea of *real* chastity. The wanton may 'curse all laws but those which love hath made.' I honour the 'human tie;' and while, with shame, I avow, I was once near infringing on the sacred ordinance, I look back with gratitude for my escape; and my reverence for the gracious institution has

 been

been enhanced, by reflecting on the thousand sacrifices it costs a man to be the seducer of a married woman."

"I did not think, from the *frequency* of these degradations, it had been a crime so formidable, Mr. Wentworth."

"To use your own argument, colonel, I believe possession, in these cases, makes a man callous; it is the *freed* man who dares reflect upon his danger. Can a man succeed with a *married* woman, but by a total subjugation of his best feelings? He must begin by eradicating her confidence in the commands of her Maker—this is the *groundwork* on which his success depends; he must profess *more* than he feels—thus his veracity yields to the moment of intoxication. Perhaps the husband may be one he *has* called *friend*—he plants a dagger in his heart, and avows himself incapable of generosity or friendship. He gains his point—what follows? He is an ingrate; for it is not in nature a man can *continue* to love the woman who is not true to herself. Suppose

pose he marries her, what a life of suspicion ensues! he blushes to call her wife, yet dreads lest the world should consider her other—his regrets come too late; what an existence! It may be said, there are many *living* examples of moral error, whose lives would not sanction my stricture; we see them in *public*, (this is *our* degradation); but were we to follow them into retirement, witness the heart-burnings, the *recriminations* which agitate their distrusting bosoms, I am persuaded my sketch would not be considered as overdrawn."

"It is too *faithful*, Wentworth, infinitely too much so, for the man before you. When I questioned your principles, attempted to dive into your feelings, I did so to prove the strength of your attachment, its firmness; in fact, I have a pleasure in leading you into argument. You have repaid me, by a delineation which comes home to my conscience; not that I am a seducer, for I might with truth aver, the *plan* was laid by the woman in this case;

she was a widow, the wife of a man I esteemed. It is not necessary to enlarge on this subject; I knew her disposition to be violent; she was always regretting her foible. She was handsome, but by no means young. Fame had blurted her reputation, ere we imagined it could transpire. I shrunk from the idea of marriage; it is ungrateful to say so; yet, in truth, I did not consider myself *bound* to make her my wife. Dalton (during whose absence our unfortunate connexion was formed) returned; he was indignant with me—I bore his anger, for I felt I deserved it: he apprized me of a fact I did not know—she was to lose all property, save a very trifling jointure, if she made a second marriage. The vehemence with which she had urged me to give her my name, the subtlety with which she had guarded this matter from me, gave a powerful shock to my confidence. I positively refused to marry her, nay, proposed a separation. We did not part; and twenty years of my life have been

passed

passed in the society of a woman I could not respect. You may imagine our happiness; she reigned with despotic sway, while I, to avoid altercation, yielded to her petty tyranny. Attached to the ease and power so long enjoyed in India, she never expressed a wish to visit England. I sighed for the time when I could, with honour, resign my services. I believe she did not think I would leave her. I was fixed; my Amelia was a magnet of attraction to my disturbed mind; I longed to find a home, graced by a virtuous woman. We parted without a semblance of affection, she all-upbraidings, I secretly rejoiced at my emancipation. Dalton, whose zeal had facilitated my departure, attended my embarkation. He doubted my resolution. Never were fears more vague; and if I could reflect on the *past* without *some* qualms of conscience, the future indeed seems to promise fair."

"This is a history I little expected," said Sidney. "If I have painted too strongly, remember you impelled me to the attempt.

tempt. I was surprised, nay, wounded by your doubts; yet I certainly find apology for your caution. 'You have felt persecution,' and are qualified, by your relative situation, to probe the heart you intend so highly to honour."

"Your dissection of the principles of a libertine humbles me too much, Wentworth. I had no right to judge you; presumption always sinks a man. Can I be the wretch you have depicted? impious? a liar? an ingrate? Are there no cases in which deductions may be made?"

"We are such lenient arbiters in all that concerns ourselves, it is dangerous to weigh a cause in which self-love will throw in a casting vote. I must believe there are cases of flagrant criminality, and others which bear some shadow of extenuation; and as we are alone, colonel, I venture to add—a woman of *mature years* is not the least formidable syren."

"You are right; they command, rather than steal the affections of man. It is more

a habit

a habit than a passion. A victim of this sort is, in fact, an object of pity; though the world gives him due credit for his almost involuntary error."

"You are too lenient by half," said Sidney, smiling. "I warned you of the danger of trying yourself. My dear sir, these loop-holes which our ingenuity suggests, are sorry witnesses to our regrets, but very immaterial advocates in our cause. No man would be content with pity, or believe it appropriate to his situation, while under the influence of woman's power; it is when the dream is *past,* and he suffers *reflection,* with its admonitory voice, to go into a reckoning with the hours that are gone—it is then he feels the insignificance, the insecurity of unhallowed love; and he may avow, as you do, that he is not an object for envy."

"I have drawn this on myself, Wentworth," said the colonel; "and while I smart under your strictures, I bow to the principles which dictate them. There was

a time, when the sincerity I now applaud would have affected me very differently."

"Not during your *pitiable* thraldom, colonel?" said Sidney, with an arch smile.

"Yes, even then, thou accurate caviller. A truce with this subject; I never knew a lover so reasonable; all your faculties are at home, and with the licence of a happy, hoping being, you give no quarter to your less fortunate comrades."

"You wandering bachelors are *deserters* from the cause of *true love*," said Sidney. "I class you with those recruits who may be found in any village, where the serjeant exhibits the dazzling guineas. The inlisted soldier *believes* himself a *patriot*; the *trepanned* lover is an equally *self-dedicated* hero: give me the soldier and the lover whom purity of principle actuates, who has no choice save obedience to the inspiration of his goddess, whether he pursue the blood-stained track of Bellona, or the dove-drawn chariot of *his* Venus."

"You

"You can be romantic, I perceive," said Fitzhenry; "yet I suppose *this* would be proved an attribute of *pure* love, according to your system?"

"Undoubtedly," replied our *Englishman*. "The love of a *virtuous* woman improves the imagination; the air she breathes, the accents she utters, are indescribably dear to her *acknowledged* lover. Allowing that fancy is exuberant in this epoch of a man's life, it is by no means derogatory to his lordly character to avow the influence she has on his every feeling, every thought. There are no tricks in honest love. All the bad passions are called into action when a sensualist *believes* himself attached; he is a stranger to the charms of imagination; for I will not allow his *projects* a term so conducive to the happiness of *transient* separation. Absence may increase his criminality, by leading him into deeper machinations, for the destruction of his victim; while the castle-building flights of a sincere lover sooths the present hour, and

decorates that which is to come, with a colouring no language could depict."

"Nor could any language do justice to my feelings at this moment," said the colonel. "In truth, Wentworth, the girl must soon be your's, or I shall have no power to withhold from you *more* than an equal right in my affections;" and rising, he was quitting the room, when Sidney caught his hand—

"You must not leave me thus, my dear colonel; will you use your influence with Amelia, and hasten my happiness?"

"We must go to London, Wentworth; it is indispensible. When there, there is nothing you can ask I will not second with my whole soul."

"A thousand thanks, my dear sir!" said the delighted Wentworth. "I will apprize my father of your wish;" and giving way to all the enthusiasm of his feelings, he sat down to meditate on his happy prospects.

In a few minutes, sir Ormsby made his appearance.—"Again I thank you, my son,"

son," said the baronet, taking the hand of Sidney. "Your firmness, your candour, has spared me a family connexion with the most imperious, insolent man in the kingdom."

"Lord Arlingham has not dared to insult you?" said Wentworth, warmly.

"He knew better, Sidney. No, no, the man is not less insolent than guarded.—He began by lamenting the misery of parents whose children thwarted their commands. I confessed myself newly converted to a belief, that our interference and advice was best calculated to inspire obedience. My lord started. I saw the sneer which was rising in his frigid countenance, and instantly hastened to explain the mistake under which I had acted, when I supposed my son free from matrimonial engagements, and received *his* overture for his daughter."

'My overture!' said lord Arlingham.—'Surely, sir Ormsby Wentworth, you must have misunderstood me; you never could

imagine *I* was ambitious of a union with your family?'

'You may denominate your proposal by any term you think proper, my lord; I consider the letter you addressed to me on the subject a material *proof* of the fact I have stated. We will bring the matter to a close. The affections of my son were engaged *prior* to your lordship's address. Had I been so happy as to have possessed his confidence at that time, it would have saved me my present visit. I am truly rejoiced to learn our project was equally uncongenial to your lordship's amiable daughter, whom I sincerely admire, and should be most happy to see united to the man she loves.'

'This is the most extraordinary interference *I* ever experienced,' said the earl. 'You will allow me to dictate to my daughter, sir, though you dispense with the obedience of your son?'

'Certainly, my lord,' said I. 'I can have no interest in this subject but that which your

your *daughter* inspires. For myself, I am sincere enough to add, the *present* tone of lord Arlingham's manner teaches me to rejoice in the dissolution of a compact so much at variance with the treatment I ever receive from my equals,' and I made my bow and was retiring.

'You are too trusting, too credulous, sir Ormsby,' replied my lord. 'Your son is deceiving you into an acquiescence you will rue.—Let me tell you, sir, lady Anna is a very superior young woman—one who would do honour to any family into which she may enter.'

'There can be no doubt of that, my lord; and for that reason, it would be cruel to oppose her virtuous preference. Your lordship's allusion to my son's attachment is erroneous. Miss Fitzhenry is of our own blood; amiable, well educated, and perfectly acceptable to me. I regret I was not earlier apprized of her worth, and my son's affection; it would have spared us this meeting.'

'Fitzhenry!'

'Fitzhenry!' echoed the earl. 'The woman I mean calls herself Sidney; a sort of hanger-on, or companion to the widow of Mr. Marnley: *now*, I believe, residing at a cottage in this neighbourhood."

"What did you say?" asked Sidney, with emotion.

"I gave a brief detail of your Amelia's story," said the baronet; "it was an explanation due to her. I wished to convince this imperious man I was perfectly satisfied with your decision, nay, proud of the daughter you have selected for me. My lord was evidently surprised. 'Does she belong to the Fitzhenrys of Ireland?' asked he.

"I replied in the affirmative.

'She has all the pride of that race,' said he, sarcastically. 'A nephew of mine was infatuated by her well-managed coquetry. I presume, Mr. Wentworth's attachment precluded *me* the honour of her connexion.'

'Your loss is my gain, my lord,' said I. 'You

'You are pleased to use irony in your descant on the pride of the Fitzhenrys; I am inclined to think it is a quality *confined* to no race in particular.'

'I am greatly astonished to find a man of your age and experience an advocate for such a romantic union,' said my lord; 'it is truly surprising to me.'

'And I, my lord, look back on that blind authority I was so lately inclined to adopt, as the most mistaken stretch of parental power. There is nothing romantic in the attachment to which you refer; it is rather a fortunate coincidence, one of those blissful interventions of Providence which must excite the gratitude of the father, equally with the son.'

'Mr. Wentworth had ever appeared to me so superior to the generality of young men, it never occurred to me he was likely to be actuated by common incidents, liable to be the sport of a woman's personal charms.'

'Had my son been distinguished by the

favour of your daughter, my lord, had the attachment been mutual, do me the favour of designating the principles on which, in that case, you would have supposed him to act.'

'The principles!' repeated my lord; 'this is excessively odd, sir Ormsby; it is not a case in point; there is an immense distinction in the women. Ambition, the known antiquity of my family—in short, it is impossible to enumerate the many advantages an alliance with my daughter would bestow upon a man of common emulation.'

'The advantages are totally beyond my comprehension,' said I; 'unless you could sum up the whole in one word—happiness! He has that noble emulation which teaches him to be honourable; to offer his hand, where his heart has been voluntarily bestowed; this is his ambition; and I trust even lord Arlingham will, at some future day, allow it is an ambition which does honour to him as a man.'

'I pity

'I pity your credulity, sir Ormsby; it is absolute infatuation. It is the most natural thing in the world for a parent to be cautious with regard to the *family* into which his child enters by marriage. You seem content with his ambition to be loved, as if the distinction of a *dependant* woman would not bear two interpretations.'

'With some women, my lord, your remark might hold good; but I believe your nephew could controvert your present surmise. It is, however, sufficient for me—I not only approve of the woman he has chosen, but highly value those to whom she is allied; and most sincerely do I wish your lordship's inestimable daughter, whenever she drops your name, may make an election as satisfactory to her father.'

'My daughter, sir! you totally mistake me, if you imagine I am to be won by a love-tale. She shall obey me; in fact, she will *soon* see the necessity for submission, when I bring the countess to preside in my mansion. I feel lady Anna will dis-

miss

miss her romantic notions; I shall be spared all those tender scenes which appear to have been so successfully addressed to sir Ormsby Wentworth.'

'You are giving me credit for a softness of disposition,' I replied, 'which I fear is not exactly my due. A love-tale seems to excite your derision, my lord. I grieve to perceive this; for, if I understand you right, (and, I believe, I smiled) your *immediate intentions* should exhibit all the influence which *love* usually gives to every action of a man so situated.'

'At my time of life, sir Ormsby, these boyish feelings would degrade me. No, sir, I allow the beauty and youth of my intended bride is such, as must excite envy in my own sex; I shall feel all the consequence such a decided distinction must give me; but I am not going to yield my authority into the power of a woman, not even to my wife.'

'That is not so certain, my lord,' said I. 'I think it is greatly in the power of the lady

lady to mould you to her will; and, indeed, if she possesses judgment, it is the best foundation for happiness in a marriage formed under the circumstances you have explained.'

'The disparity of our years strikes you, sir Ormsby,' said my lord.—'With me, it is a highly satisfactory consideration. I must reign in my own house; I hate a competitor: I will begin by treating her as a child; I shall manage her.'

'Take care, my lord, she does not reverse your plan, and you become the *managed* party.'

'Ridiculous!' said the peer; 'it is impossible; I repeat, I am not to be won by the little arts of women.'

'Then let me advise you not to tempt her power,' said I, rising; 'I would not answer for your dominion, my lord, not even for a day; and when I reflect upon your daughter, I am tempted to add, I wish you saw the subject in the same point of view with myself.'

'Nothing

'Nothing but romance pleases you, my dear sir,' said my lord, with a forced smile. 'You do not understand the passion, in its calm, its dignified bearings. The woman who takes *my* name will necessarily comprehend my character, my *fixed* principles, and conform herself to my pleasure.'

'You think so, my lord. It would be wrong to abridge your self-satisfaction, which, I presume to think, will be of short duration;' and once more taking leave, I withdrew.

"However his arrogance had, at first, roused my indignation, I left him with mingled feelings of regret and contempt. It vexes me to see a man in years disposed to make himself ridiculous by marriage; and the idea of bringing a young woman into his family, who will most likely add to the uneasiness of his daughter, is what I reflect upon with concern."

"Lady Anna will reside with her aunt," said Sidney; "and, by a resolution so consistent, be spared much misery. I am certainly

tainly very curious to know who is this countess in embryo? Poor devil! she is to be pitied, if, as I suspect, it is a bargain."

"Did I act up to your wishes, my son, in my interview with Arlingham?" asked the baronet.

"It could not be more proper, more flattering to Amelia and myself, my dear sir. Your allusion to Felton was well-timed—a just philippic to the family pride of the stately idiot. And now, my dear father, when shall we leave this? Every hour we pass here retards my happiness. We must yield a little to Fitzhenry, whose affectionate pride will not permit him to forego his own satisfaction in giving my Amelia consequence by *his* protection.—May I say you will accede to his plan?"

"Say what you please, Sidney; I will be directed by you; and indeed, we have friends in London, who are most anxious to do honour to your mistress."

This point gained, Wentworth resumed the subject at dinner, when it was settled

they

they should, if Mrs. Manderson and her charge could accompany them, proceed to London the next day.

As happiness draws nearer to its adopted children, the inexplicable tangibility of mere human nature displays itself in a thousand ways, scarcely discernible to common eyes, and not to be described by any than a superior pen.

Wentworth was all nerve; he pushed the bottle from before him, and, with a half reproachful voice, declared the weather was too warm for drinking.

"And infinitely too fatiguing for a walk," said sir Ormsby, smiling.

"By no means; there is a fine air abroad, and the wood is always cool," replied Sidney. "Shall we go?"

"Wentworth," said Fitzhenry, "have you reflected we have no house to receive us in town? will you promise to brave the heat of the season, and procure us one when we arrive?"

"Certainly, with pleasure; you refuse

to

to accept my bachelor residence, and I yield to your objections. You will find good accommodations at Reddish's for a day or two, in which time I have no doubt of suiting you commodiously."

"Well, then, we may venture to walk to the cottage," resumed the colonel, "and impart our plans."

The narrative of Mrs. Manderson, as related to the colonel, was ever recurring to his imagination. The simple, yet forcibly delineated difficulties to which our heroine had been exposed, sunk deep into the heart of Fitzhenry; and though he was resolved on fulfilling the noble intimation of the poet, who says—

> "'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
> But to support him after,"

he yet felt that delicate trait of generosity which impels an *immediate* exertion in favour of the protected object. There is always, in every exercise of the feelings, a *present* line of action—I grant it is not generally

generally embraced, and the *delay* is of infinite consequence, occasions indescribable anguish to the parties we mean to benefit. I wish it were possible, through the medium of a *novel*, to impart a few hints on this head to the *really* well-disposed; tell them with *deference*, the *present hour* may distance a sorrow, which, on the *succeeding day*, has acquired double power to wound. I am persuaded, if *mental* anguish could be pourtrayed *faithfully*, its victims would be less numerous; so much is in the power of the *moderately* affluent, a *just* idea of our own *means* would give us such opportunity for the exercises of humanity, that I am tempted to believe, a knowledge of *figures* is a grand ingredient in *practical* charity. I allow, my remark places this divine quality in a *commercial* point of view; figures are the study of the *mathematician* or the merchant; consign the *former* to his problems, the *latter* stands forward to establish my metaphor. The *unostentatious exports* we make in this godlike traffic are acknowledged

acknowledged in that *port* where the judge is *supreme*—and He, in return, blesses the outgoing of that heart which honours him, bestowing on his good servant that *internal* peace which the "world cannot give."

It was with these feelings of the *present* Fitzhenry replenished his pocket-book, ere he proceeded to Filbert Wood. Sidney sought pardon for his recent lover-like offence; and as he read the soft expression which beamed in the eyes of his mistress, he was more than ever persuaded, *true* love is a stranger to *false* delicacy.

Our hero submitted his plans to the ladies, seconded by Fitzhenry and his father.

Amelia declared her readiness to attend the colonel, if her friend could accompany her.

"How willingly I must unite in all that can add to the happiness of my child," said Mrs. Manderson, "it were useless to say; but really, my dear sir," turning to Fitzhenry, "Edward alarms me by his report of the count. I shall visit him myself this evening;

evening; if I see no immediate danger, I will certainly comply with your wishes. I hope my nephew is mistaken; his report is truly unfavourable. De V—— had a fit last night, and Edward has just gone to the castle with his boy, having appointed a medical man to meet him there."

"I have very little hope of the count's health being restored," said Sidney. "He appears to me not only unable, but undesirous of contending with his feelings, though I do not consider him in immediate danger."

"He looks sadly," said Amelia. "I was with him this afternoon; his countenance is greatly changed; yet he is so resigned and dignified in his sufferings, he is rather an object of admiration than anxiety."

"The contour of his countenance is fine," said Sidney; "he would make an exquisite picture."

"Amelia, shew Mr Wentworth the sketch you made," said Mrs. Manderson.

Amelia hesitated.—"I have destroyed

it,"

it," said she; "that is, I was adding to the scenery, and spoiled it."

"Let us judge for ourselves," entreated Sidney. "I have never seen any of your drawings, Amelia; you will not deny me this pleasure."

"I will show you some others," said she, rising, her face crimsoned and confused; and returning with her *port-feuille*, she presented some landscapes for the inspection of her friends.

While the warmest eulogiums were bestowed on her performance, and sir Ormsby, in particular, descanted on the justness of her taste, Sidney, with a half struggle, wrested the case from her hand.

"*We* will look at them first," said he, "and then submit them to our friends."

"No, no, indeed *you* must not," said she; and the emphasis of her reply encreased the curiosity of Wentworth, who, unmindful of her opposition, proceeded to inspect the contents of the *port-feuille*.

"What an exquisite likeness!" cried Sid-

ney; "this must be mine." It was a portrait of Mrs. Manderson; "this, my dear father, must be placed in my library," and he handed the picture to sir Ormsby.

"You will give it to me, Amelia," said the baronet. "Sidney can always claim the services of the fair artist."

"Readily, sir, with pleasure;" and she arose, and placed it in the hand of sir Ormsby.

"Sit by me, my child;" said the baronet; "that bold robber is not to be opposed.—What is the discovery you dread?" he whispered; "surely *he* cannot but be grateful, if, as I suspect, he has engaged your pencil's elegant delineation."

Amelia was silent, for, at this moment, she perceived the eye of Sidney resting on the object of her tender alarm.

"This is the very perfection of the art," said our Englishman, rising. "I never saw any thing half so beautiful; is this the likeness you meant, my dear madam?" and he held it towards Mrs. Manderson.

"The

"The same," said she. "I perceive you have been adding to it, Amelia; and in place of spoiling, have greatly improved it by another excellent portrait."

Fitzhenry took the speaking portrait from Sidney. It was the interior of Westbourne wing, as it appeared on the night of our hero's visit to the count. The pale foreigner was seated on his couch, and Sidney in the act of supporting him; the dim light of a candle beamed across the gilt crucifix, which stood in a niche; the rustic furniture was accurately depicted, forming a *tout ensemble* truly beautiful.

"This curious fellow shall not profit by his treachery, my love," said the colonel. "With me it will own *some* value, by giving me a likeness of one I am *forced* to esteem; and perhaps, Amelia, as this was done from *memory*, you would prefer another opportunity of taking one for yourself."

"Do with it as you please, sir," said our heroine. "Indeed, Mr. Wentworth,

you make me appear ridiculous; I did not intend that drawing should be seen," and she was retiring.

"I cannot allow this," said sir Ormsby, detaining her; "the presumption of Sidney may deserve punishment, but you must find some other way to mortify him, without including your father in the compact."

The word father, from sir Ormsby, touched the heart of Amelia; her mild eyes were turned upon him, with an expression of delight and tenderness she could not conceal; and as the baronet pressed her to his bosom and kissed her tearful cheek, Wentworth started forward, and taking the hand of his father, he raised it to his lips, "My God, sir," said he, "I knew not how I loved you till this moment!" and hastening from the room to hide his tears, he left the little group in silent, yet pleasing amazement.

"Forgive a doating father," said the baronet, after a pause; "but Amelia, my child,

child, you have won a noble heart; my Sidney is the best of sons! What a prospect for my age! I hope I shall be able to bear this excess of happiness; it is more than I expected, or deserved."

Amelia checked the baronet.—" You will give me pain, sir; while you are heaping the proudest honours on my head, I am afraid you think happiness would make *me* supine."

" You are an angel! the counterpart of your sweet mother; and I—I am the most grateful of men!"

The colonel, whose feelings were not less aroused than gratified by the warmth of the baronet, now took the hand of our heroine. " Come, my love, I perceive my guardianship will be a short one," said he; " but I have something to say to you," and he led her to an adjoining room.

" Amelia," presenting his pocket-book to the poor dependant, " use this; it is your own. A heart like your's must have

 been

been grievously restrained. Remember, there is none other than yourself has a claim upon me. Never hesitate to ask me on all occasions; I can rely on your own judgment. Reflect upon all who have served you; and think of any way in which they can be remunerated, omitting Mrs. Manderson, for whom I have made provision."

"I longed to thank you for your liberality to my good friend," said Amelia.—"She has told me all, my dear sir; how am I to bear all the happiness which is so generously bestowed upon me?"

"I can never do enough for you, my child. My late protection, like a death-bed penitence, bears mark of a necessity for the effort, in place of its being a spontaneous feeling."

"The *ear* which is tuned, and has promised *joy* to the late penitent, is acquainted with the *intent* of that *heart*, whose purposes were ever *pure*, ever *just*," said Amelia.

"The

"The mediation of such a pious, such a well-constructed mind, will, I trust, plead in my behalf," said Fitzhenry, deeply affected by the mild reasoning of his youthful comforter. "How can I ever sufficiently thank your excellent preceptress, for all she has done for me, in cultivating your mind thus judiciously!"

"She, my dear sir, is more than satisfied; and I am too happy to tell you all I feel in being thus approved."

Wentworth, whose thoughts were wholly occupied by Amelia, now approached the window.—"Do you forgive me," asked he, "or am I yet *cruelly* persevering?"

"Indeed I think you are a little arbitrary," said Amelia, with a smile; "or rather, you have a way of compelling one into your wishes."

"It is only in some cases I am thus presuming; call it persuasion, Amelia; I like the term; it is a theory on which I had long projected my happiness must be founded, and now I have brought it into

practice—it cannot be *very* objectionable, or you would not smile."

"He will not bear *too* much leniency," she replied, addressing Fitzhenry; "we shall spoil him, sir."

"I am almost afraid we shall, Amelia; a mistress and a wife are distinct characters. You must assume in turn, my love, and make this fellow admit your superiority."

"Heaven forbid! I could not;" and she paused.

"What would you say?" asked Fitzhenry, "why do you hesitate?—whisper it, I will be secret."

"I could not love the man whose superior mind did not claim my admiration—I might say my respect," whispered she.

"Then you are sure you have calculated justly?"

"There can be no doubt of it, sir; you must know that."

"I believe we are safe enough," said the colonel, looking sagaciously. "Now, Wentworth, collect your persuasive talents, and

see if you can bring this girl to confession;" and leaving the room, Sidney vaulted in at the window.

But here his eloquence was ineffectual; and as the conversation of lovers is seldom interesting to a third person, and we have already illustrated enough on the subject of love, it would be superfluous to follow them through this *tête-à-tête.*

The manner in which tea and coffee is served in London might bear description; for there, every thing is done with effect, and for effect; *economy* dictates half cups, and no eatables; dazzling equipages, and a multitude of attendants; much ado about nothing—but, in a cottage, where people assemble round a table, converse rationally, and own enjoyment in the social meeting, it is quite a different thing—but nevertheless, too local to bear delineation, or be acceptable to a novel-reader.

The departure of Mrs. Manderson for the castle gave the party an opportunity

for a ramble. Fitzhenry took the arm of the elegant matron, while Amelia leaned on sir Ormsby and his son. Scarcely could she believe her happiness real, as thus supported she attended her friend; frequently would her feelings repress the power of utterance. Sidney comprehended the nature of her embarrassment, and was alive to the delicacy he so highly valued.

As seated round an elm, they sat *waiting* the return of Mrs. Manderson, an open barouche passed towards the castle.

"Is it not lady Tadcaster's equipage?" said Amelia. "It is! there is lady Maria;" and she stood up to gaze after her favourite.

"What can have brought them here?" said Sidney. "Surely the countess-elect is not one of the Daltons?"

"Impossible! I will answer for lady Maria," replied our heroine.

"If I thought such a sacrifice was in agitation," said Fitzhenry, "I would certainly

warn

warn lady Tadcaster of her error; Dalton would never forgive her—she cannot be so vile."

"It is the sort of speculation I should think well suited to the character of lady Tadcaster," said Sidney; "I will inquire of lady Anna."

"Do so, for God's sake, Wentworth; much as I despise lord Arlingham, I would take some trouble to prevent it."

"If the parties are agreed, colonel, you would not succeed, unless you were authorized by the general."

"He will be here in a few months; nay, I expect his arrival daily; he would scarcely survive a shock of this kind. No man can have more liberal ideas on the subject of marriage; he would not thwart a virtuous preference, I am assured; but he would despise a connexion so evidently uncongenial, such a glaring bargain."

"So you set no value on the coronet, Fitzhenry," said the baronet. "A little girl stepping over the heads of half a thousand

sand anxious aspirers—it is a serious advantage in these days."

"I venture to differ from you, sir Ormsby; these baubles are *now* conferred on such inconsiderable persons, they cease to be the honour your remark would imply."

"Why, I believe you are right, colonel; yet it does not lessen their value with the lookers-out. Much is said on the subject of young ladies being "brought out," as it is called; but, upon my honour, the titled youth who makes his *debut* is not less set up for auction. I was amused a few evenings since, in observing a young man of this description, lately of age; I do not impute any forwardness to him—it is the mothers I would particularize, the little tricks and management they used to attract the heir-apparent; the bridling, and coaxing, and flattery they adopted, to draw him to *their* daughters; the spleen and ill-nature which was elicited when he *dared* to chuse a partner for himself; the good-natured remarks made on the elected fair;

it

it really requires some address to elude the traps laid by these vigilant matrons. I verily believe there is no such thing as a match of love amongst our very fashionable people."

Amelia almost unconsciously turned her eyes towards our Englishman; lady Tadcaster's plan for him rose on her mind, and a triumph, which she secretly acknowledged, beamed on her countenance.

"If I guess your thoughts, Amelia," said Fitzhenry, "will you answer me honestly?"

"Certainly, sir."

"For whom was the rustic dairy erected at lady Tadcaster's?"

"For the company, sir; it was for refreshments, you may remember."

"Yes, yes, I know we were all served by the lovely Cowslip; but was it not a trap laid for *one* of the party?"

"Really I don't know, sir; lady Tadcaster is not very communicative."

"But I know, Amelia. Lord Weybridge opened my eyes; the poor devil escaped

that

that gin—but it was to fall into another," and he smiled ambiguously.

Wentworth, whose personal vanity was not abundant, yet understood the allusion —it was impossible he should not, suffering as he did by the half-disguised effrontery of lady Tadcaster, who pursued him incessantly with her compliments and raillery. "I look back on that evening as the commencement of my happiness," said he; "it was there our acquaintance commenced, colonel; and there I had an opportunity of contrasting the manners of one I had long loved, with those of a large and beautiful assemblage of her sex; it confirmed my preference; and, from that moment, I resolved Amelia should be my wife, or I would die a bachelor."

"Yet she was a tame portrait in that animated circle, Wentworth; no waltzing. But I forgot your elegant exclamation on that subject. I remember you said you would "as soon marry the devil as a waltzing wife."

"I hope

"I hope so, indeed," said the baronet. "Though this dance is now the subject of newspaper controversy, defended and censured, there can be no difference of opinion with regard to its admission amongst our women, but by those who have a purpose to gain. I am apt to believe the *defenders* of this innovation are dancing-masters and libertines. I grant there has been a coarseness in their strictures, almost as offensive as the dance itself; but I can never be reconciled to the familiarity of this exhibition. It is pretended the association is not indecorous; that it *commences* by a graceful exhibition of the figure—it does not *end* in this way, and it will go further. It is rumoured, that the *hopes* of a family of rank has been destroyed by this whirligig movement; I will not give credit to it; where was the husband, while the wife was thus glaringly conspicuous?"

"It will lose its ground," said Sidney. "Women may bear to be laughed at, but they will never oppose themselves to the

charge

charge of gross immorality. I know, during the last season, tickets have been issued for *Waltz dancing* only; and I have seen a number of fine girls, sitting *wall-flower*, as those are called who do not dance. A *few* have withstood the intoxicating circle, while others, from want of firmness, the force of example, have been led to join in the whirl—like the *sun-flower*, which can face the most garish beams undaunted."

"It is of a piece with our diurnal prints," said the baronet. "Never, surely, was there an age in which odd associations stood so eminently conspicuous! In one paper I read an advertisement—'To Men of Fashion and Married Ladies,' as if there was any occasion to point out married women to men of fashion; and the intimation which follows is so at variance with the habits of the parties to whom it is addressed, who rarely descend to the consideration of studying *economy* in the dress of children. For my part, I wonder the ladies do not set their faces against newspapers

papers altogether; for, if they *really* require all the aids which are so *delicately* submitted to their notice, what a composition must these *roseate-tinted, pearl-enamelled, auburn-wigged* damsels be!"

"It is an odd subject you have chosen, sir," said Sidney; "though, I confess, I consider it in the same point of view. But of all the palpable impositions thrust upon us, not one so much disgusts me, as the laboured puffs in favour of artificial locks; every cause but the *true* one is assigned for the change of the hair. It is delicately soothing to observe how they would flatter people into an idea, that grey hairs are *always* premature; no doubt, there are instances of this sort, but for the most part we find them where they may reasonably be expected to be found."

"This is a very personal allusion, Wentworth," said the colonel, displaying his silvered temples; "it is well for you I am not on my preferment: is he not saucy, Amelia?"

"I think

"I think him right, sir. I believe it is not in the nature of woman voluntarily to announce the advances of time; yet I wonder they should ever yield their reason, I might say their delicacy, to these insidious and really affronting intimations."

"When these tresses no longer own their colour, Amelia," said sir Ormsby, sportively removing her hair from her forehead, "tell me how will you manage?"

"Hide them, sir, and endeavour to substitute some becoming method of making their loss no material disadvantage."

"Then you will retain the wish to look well?" said Fitzhenry, smiling.

"Certainly; and I do not think I betray vanity in saying so; one would not wish to sink in the opinion of one's friends. Delicacy, a regard to the opinion of others, will ever dictate to a woman, that external appearance is almost essential to her acquiring the respect of her acquaintance. Indeed, I could adduce half a thousand reasons

sons to support my argument, were it necessary."

"And one was love, Amelia," whispered Sidney.

"I cannot deny it," she replied, smiling; "am I wrong?"

"It is too flattering to my heart not to be duly appreciated. Where could I have found your equal?"

"Wentworth looks arrogantly happy," said Fitzhenry. "One would really imagine he was exempt from the approaches of the hoary-headed tyrant—was certain of wearing his Roman crop unbleached by time."

"No such hope can be mine," said Sidney; "already the silver threads are mixing in my hair. But to refute your charge of arrogance, colonel, I avow myself, at this moment, a strict *accomptant* with *Time*; nay, I presume to think he owes me something," and he glanced towards Amelia.

"How readily you turn the subject to your own purpose, sir! what an odd compound

pound is a lover! Who would have imagined a circuit such as we have taken would have led to love and marriage?"

"It is a natural transition, colonel; in all the contingencies of our life, art is a transient contemplation. We may be amused, nay, pleased, by the invention of man; but ultimately we turn to nature—to those charms, those feelings, for which we can account. That happiness which the world offers to our acceptance is attractive in the days of boyhood; it fades as its sameness and incongruities unfold to our experience; we willingly resign the delusive sphere; yet, with these amended feelings, there must ever be a superior goal in view. Man without a purpose can scarcely be called rational; and when he owns the hopes I do, he looks to *time* for happiness; but he must, he will *murmur*, if his hopes are *unreasonably* distanced."

"I wonder you were never caught in the sober track of courtship, Wentworth," said Fitzhenry. "Now an elopement lifts a man

into

into notoriety, and perfects his hopes in a twinkling."

"Not to say it makes him hopeless," resumed our Englishman: "you are not serious, or I would answer you."

"We are all of us such dependants on time," said sir Ormsby, "I think, with Sidney, the perspective should not be lengthened. What says my little artist?" turning to Amelia; "will you, my Amelia, lend your hand to finish this portrait?"

"Lend! my dear father, it must be a gift; mine, for ever!" and he seized the hand of our heroine. "Speak, Amelia; will you bless your Wentworth?"

"Indeed I cannot reply to you; the colonel is my guardian; I will act as he thinks proper."

"We must go to London, Wentworth; nay, it has reached my ear, that a worthy clergyman in your neighbourhood has shewn much kind interest in my beloved girl. I had intended him to be the officiating friend on the occasion in question."

"I ought

"I ought to blush for my remissness," said Sidney. "Doctor Firmor is one of my earliest friends, and a most worthy man; it is strictly proper it should be as you say."

"Firmor is an excellent man," echoed the baronet, with a voice somewhat unsteady; "I must have the pleasure of summoning him, if the colonel will allow me."

"Be it so, sir Ormsby; what I wish is to thank him for his friendly interference in favour of Amelia; it will add to my happiness to attain the introduction through you."

The cordiality which subsisted between Fitzhenry and sir Ormsby was a most grateful contemplation to our *Englishman.*—"There is something so opposite to Christian charity in those family feuds which frequently disgrace domestic life," would he say; "a house divided against itself, so evidently totters to decay, I should be miserable if *I* were doomed to such peace-destroying bickerings. Transient passengers

gers as we are, why should we make our abode a scene of misery, when it is so much in our power to make it a peaceful habitation ?"

This, though an equitable premise in a man so near being the head of a household, was more the reasoning of a lover, around whom joys bloomed profusely. A mind at peace with itself is qualified to define the beauty and concomitants of harmony ; but human influence must be more abundantly eminent than it is, ere mere man can *command* peace to reign in his dwelling. He who gives "men to be of one mind in an house," may bless our threshold, and gild our home with comfort. Ungrateful beings that we are ! what truants to ourselves, who nourish the *irritable,* in place of the *soothing* qualities of our nature ! More depends upon us than our vanity, great as it is, allows us to understand—amenity, the graceful art of yielding, rather than contending ; these simple, and almost dormant possessions of intellectual beings, are suf-

 fered

fered to lie inactive, while the worst feelings of our nature stand confest.

The law of nations, rules for behaviour, the science of philosophy, in short, every work in which any thing *new* is to be learned, engages the attention of man, in many instances, wisely; but the art of knowing himself, how to live happily, as a brother with his fellow-beings, is beneath his study. A point in grammar will lead a man to an effort of inquiry honourable to his intellects —is he inclined to an equal exertion in behalf of a reform in his disposition? I fear not. It is from a neglect of *that volume*, in which all that is wise, good, and happy for man, is laid down, where he is, both by precept and example, taught to bear and forbear—it is turning from the things that are to that which is, and will remain imperfect, which causes man to be the fluctuating animal he is. Let him bring into the social concord a heart open to conviction, a mind unswayed by prejudice, a tenetable spirit awake to the inspirations of superior

wisdom

wisdom—"Let him do to others as he would they should do unto him," and internal peace is his own. Religion is the *first* impression our reason acquires. I believe it would be difficult to prove my remark erroneous. We recur to early recollections, with a pleasure no other season of our life affords; the first verses, first ideas, which presented themselves, are dear to the memory. How strange that the influence of early piety does not dignify advancing life! There is on record a sentence which may be applied to the slumbering faculties of man. We are told—"the last shall be first, and the first shall be last." Take the application in a religious point of view. In *the beginning*, we *comprehend* a God—in the *end*, we *trust* in him. The *first* thought, and the *last*, are directed to Him who "is all in all;" but the intermediate space, the days, hours, and years, we give to the world, what are they but so many specks upon a surface formed in purity, cherished in safety, and destined to be made *perfect* by

faith?

faith? Shame, shame on the world! how are the links broken by which the creature comes nearer his *Creator!* yet we live and trust, when, in truth, "we should go heavily and with fear."

Cadmus! I bow to thy genius; however my irrelevant digression may excite the *ennui* of my readers, thy *art* is not to be effaced by a frown. I may be put upon the shelf, and many a woman, though not a scribbler, has gone there before me. The official deed which binds man to his word, survives to hold him faithful. Not one of you would deem a marriage-contract a useless specimen of writing; yet I know you will be angry with the preceding pages of simple type. I will leave you a blank; fill up the space with your own code of moral obligations; I have stated mine, and when your *practice* proves your system *better,* I will write my recantation, and own my ignorance.

If love were the sole business of a man's life, nothing could be more unprofitable than

than to follow him through his career; believing, as I do, in its *purity*, it happens but *once*, and that ere age has blunted his feelings. I cannot persuade myself I am exceeding my province as a novel-writer, in giving it a place in my history. I have been *endeavouring* to pourtray an Englishman, a man of social habits, cheerful disposition, and moral principles; it would be impossible to depict such a character, without allowing him to be a liable victim to the charms of woman. Such a man could no more live alone, than a libertine could confine himself to one. It is not in Nature for a really polished mind to waste its sweetness in "single blessedness." A snug bachelor would reject my assertion; but *I* do not reckon a snug fellow a polished one; the very independence of such a being is a churlish possession; and though a good woman may escape the vassalage of a methodical tyrant of this class, I really think the creature might be mended by a little of that opposition *some* women know

how and when to exert. But my hero is not of that class; he was too refined for a life so valueless; and as the ladies prefer the *marrying* men, we will return to our Benedict in embryo.

Though Amelia did not deny the power our Englishman had over her affections, nor opposed his wishes with prudery, she was not sorry to gain a little time ere she offered her vows at the altar. The change was one of serious import: it was impossible her feelings could vary; yet she was satisfied it would be better to abide by the opinion of Fitzhenry, on whose affectionate interest in her fortunes she frequently perceived the influence of sir Ormsby and his son seemed greatly to infringe. How could *she* oppose their generous and flattering notice? It was impossible. There is something so self-satisfactory in the extended love of the kindred of him *we* love; it is so consoling to an attached heart to find all unity where it looks for comfort; nothing but apathy,

a total insensibility to present happiness, could make a woman thus situated unmindful, ungrateful, for a coincidence so full of future promise.

"I will devote some time to the will and comfort of this generous man," said our heroine. "He shall understand how justly I value his regards. It would be a sorry return for all his kindness, his munificence, if I immediately transferred them where I *feel* I shall have no power of dividing my thoughts. And have I not some duties to perform? Gracious Heaven! he has given me the power to confer happiness where I owe obligation!" and, with all the hilarity of youth, she gave the reins to her imagination, owning, even in her most elated moments, that lively sense of benefits which secured her from a prodigal disposition of its blissful power.

If thought were not an exclusive privilege, if it could not range even while the heart is engaged with its best loved associates, it would be out of place to represent

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI

sent this wandering under the circumstances, and in the situation in which I have placed it; but so it is, and it is happy for us.

Evening was beginning to fade, the trees seemed nodding to repose, lights flickered from the gothic windows of the castle, yet Mrs. Manderson appeared not. There was a time, when the zeal of Sidney would have led him to pursue the path, and learn the cause of her detention; now, the dews were falling, and the safety of his Amelia was his first consideration; yet he wished, as many a restless and inquiring spirit has often wished, that some one would go to the castle. Fitzhenry made the desired proposal; he quitted the party, and took the road to the west wing, while Sidney, scarce conscious of any alloy, conducted his charge to the cottage.

To beguile the intermediate time, Wentworth requested Amelia to sing to his father. Sir Ormsby was more than prepared to approve, for Sidney had applauded; but when the silver tones fell on his ear, as he

marked

marked the unaffected grace of his favourite, the most rapturous exclamations followed her performance.

"She excels in every thing, Sidney. How captivating and charming a woman may be, without obtruding her qualifications! And all this has been produced by a private education, directed by a woman. I grant your friend is in all respects superior, Amelia; but who would train their girls for shew, who witnessed the winning attractions of a retired education?"

"I suppose *we* must pursue the system," said Sidney, in the warmth of his heart.

"Certainly, my son; and may I live to see it! Sidney, when I clasp a child of your's to my bosom, I feel I could quit the world resigned and happy."

Our heroine would have checked the gaiety of Wentworth. She was unequal to language, yet she looked imploringly towards him.

"It is beneath you, Amelia, to reprove an anticipation so consistent," said sir

 Ormsby.

Ormsby. "I am looking to the future with all the feelings of a father. I see my son a family man, surrounded by his offspring; I behold him filling that rank in society most honourable to an Englishman. Is there a situation so interesting, as a man, in the prime of life, a husband and a father, administering to the comforts of his dependants; giving, in his own deportment, an example for their imitation; moral without fastidiousness; just without ostentation? It is the perfection of human bliss!"

"You have taken only one side of the subject," said Sidney; "allow me to draw the other:" and, with lively animation, he repeated the following lines:

"While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend—
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flow'rs the narrow way of life;
In the clear heav'n of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet!"

"The

"The lines are beautiful, Sidney, because natural; they can be understood by every domestic mind. Your mistress is silent; she is not less sensible of their worth. But we are distressing her; give me another song, Amelia."

Our heroine gladly took refuge in her harp, and again the floating melody breathed around.

The stillness of evening is peculiarly adapted to enhance the charm of music; Sidney owned the full force of its powers, and request succeeded request, till the approach of footsteps on the gravel path announced the arrival of the expected visitors of De V——.

"The count is very ill," said Mrs. Manderson; "Edward will remain with him to-night."

"What does the doctor say?" asked Amelia.

"He is by no means sanguine, my love; he fears a second attack, which it is to be feared he has not strength to encounter."

 "I am

"I am scarcely competent to judge in this case," said Fitzhenry, "not having seen the count till to-night. Death is an object so familiar to a soldier, its approach is so well understood, I am almost compelled to say, his countenance to me appears impressed with the awful change."

"Good Heavens," said Amelia, "do you really think so? Oh! where is Adelaide? she will never see her father—be blessed by his forgiveness!" and the tears coursed down her cheeks.

"I fear so indeed, Amelia," replied Mrs. Manderson. "The wretched father has empowered me to convey his pardon to her, should we ever meet. It is, however, a conditional forgiveness; she must retire from the world, and to a place he has named."

"I feel for Durweston," said our hero. "It is a most painful situation for him. Do you think, my dear madam, he would allow me to share his night-watching?"

"Try him," said Amelia, giving her hand

hand to Sidney ; " he will feel the worth of your society."

" I will go directly," said he. " You will promise me not to think too much on this sad subject, Amelia ?"

" It is past my power," she sighed, as, led by our Englishman, she bade adieu to her friends, and retired.

" Heaven guard you, my sweet love !" said Sidney. " Remember me in your prayers."

" Fear not," she replied ; " I shall think of you all."

" Of all, Amelia ! not one distinct petition for me ?"

" Go, Wentworth," she resumed ; " you are selfish, or too discerning," and breaking from him, she sought the retirement of her chamber.

Our Englishman joined his friend. Edward did not refuse his generous interest in his feelings. The object of their solicitude pressed the hand of Sidney in silence ; he seemed incapable of conversation.

To our hero's inquiry respecting the opinion of the doctor, Durweston replied he had given him no hope. "He does not suffer much," said he, "which is a consolation. I am tempted to believe this night will be his last; he has been so anxious to arrange his papers, so particular in expressing his wishes, it seems a severe, though prophetic preparation for his departure."

"Death, to a man in his situation, cannot be other than a pleasing contemplation," replied Sidney. "He has already broken with the world; all is dreary here. I think I am not calculating presumptuously in believing he is qualified, and deserving of eternal happiness."

"As far as human hopes may be raised for the creatures of this world," replied Edward, "we may indulge them for him whose couch we now watch. There never was a more conscientious man. Attached to his king, he withstood the enemies of the royal martyr, embraced comparative poverty,

poverty, rather than yield to the new order of things. As a soldier, his life has been highly honourable. You know the nature of his private sorrows," and he paused. "Unhappy father of an abandoned daughter! could she see you now—would to Heaven she could! it might rescue her erring soul from further guilt;" and hiding his face on the couch on which he reclined, a flood of tears relieved his bursting heart.

"We are to be comforters, Durweston," said Sidney, in a low voice. "My dear fellow, do not give way to this grief. In yourself, you must feel justified, free from remorse; the innocent may mourn the guilty, but it must be with fortitude, with calmness."

"I shall be better soon, Mr. Wentworth. Mine is a connected sorrow; so many were interested in my happiness, shared my tenderest confidence, I am persuaded my future peace must be sought at a distance from

from all who knew me in those happy days."

"This is the effect of your *present* situation," said Sidney; "a scene like this is calculated to depress the feelings. It must wear off; it would be criminal to indulge a disposition so inconsistent with your age and prospects in life."

From this whispered conference they were roused by the count. "Give me something to comfort me," said De V—, raising himself with a false strength, and looking round his dwelling with a vacant eye.

Durweston hastened to his side, while Wentworth, by his direction, prepared a cordial for the sufferer. As Sidney offered the glass to the trembling hand extended to receive it, it fell nerveless by the side of the half-animated body.

"It is gone!" said the count; "'twill soon be over."

Sidney applied the glass to his lips with some success.

"What

"What poor creatures we are!" said the sufferer, looking at his attendants with a benign, yet melancholy expression. "Life and death are in thy hands, oh Lord! do with me as it seemeth best to thee!" and leaning his head on the bosom of Durweston, dropped into a light slumber.

Wentworth knelt by the side of the couch, his eyes fixed on the pallid features of the resigned sufferer. He had never before watched the expiring lamp; every variation of the countenance inflicted a pang on the heart of Sidney; he was silently, though painfully interested in the awful scene.

"*I* forgive you!" muttered De V——; "kneel to your offended God!" Again he slept—suddenly he started. "Adelaide!" he exclaimed, "why will you come between me and my God? where is she?" and he gazed on his companions alternately.

"Shall I read to you?" asked Sidney.

De V—— bowed his head; and Wentworth,

worth, reaching a prayer-book from the table, cast himself on his knees, and commenced the service for the sick.

Though the form of the prayers were different in their expression to those used by our Englishman, he read them with a seriousness and deportment, which forcibly impressed the real piety of his heart. His manner seemed to imply, that the address was to a finite Being, who accepted the pure offering of a trusting and departing suppliant.

"The language may differ," thought Sidney, "the essence is the same; it is a soul which asks shelter, and the universal Father will receive the uncontaminated spirit."

"Excellent young man!" said De V—, as the service ended, "God will reward you. Raise me, Edward, I am faint."

Durweston supported the almost lifeless form, while Wentworth chased the dews of death from his forehead.

More than four hours were passed in this

awful

awful and hopeless situation, uninterrupted by any sound save the castle clock and the village bell. Sidney opened the door to admit the air. A faint smile beamed on the countenance of De V——. He saw the heavens bursting into day; nature began to revive without; the birds carolled from spray to spray—within it was ebbing fast. Could a man of the world have been led to contemplate this scene, beheld two young men thus situated, would it have excited his emulation, or would he have turned from the touching memento? I dare not pursue the inquiry.

"Bless you! bless you both!" sighed the count, closing his eyes.

Not a breath was heard; the two friends waited in silent anguish; all was still. Again the eyes were opened; they closed no more! the hue of death stole over the features, and Durweston, sinking beneath the weight of the inanimate body, resigned it to the couch. "He is gone for ever!" exclaimed he, in an impassioned

tone.

tone. "She has no father! My God, look down upon the wretched Adelaide! rescue, and give her peace!"

Wentworth drew the friend of his heart from the lifeless corpse, and, as folded in each others' embrace, were for a moment silent.

Even the sceptic in friendship, who smiles at sensibility in man, he might have been taught to understand there are moments in life when tenderness *dignifies* his character; when sympathy, superinduced, as in the present instance, by piety, raises him above himself, by bringing him nearer to perfection. Man has been defined a religious animal, and it is the highest distinction he can receive; he is capable of reflection, of contemplation;—

> "Endued
> With sanctity of reason; erect
> His stature, and upright with front serene,
> Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven."

He can trace the ethereal vault, explore the

the terraqueous globe; yet are his efforts bounded. There is a point beyond which human faculties cannot diverge; we must yield; feel our inferiority; and it is in the humility of our submission that our merit consists. The rebel heart, even like the convicted believer in the hour of tribulation, looks to the *Deity* for support. It is then he is humbled, and awake to the imbecility of his nature; and, in the language of the Psalmist, may exclaim—" Lord, what is man, or the son of man, that thou so regardest him?"

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

"As hirelings, paid for their funereal tear,
Out-weep the sorrows of a friend sincere;
So the false rapture of a flatterer's art,
Exceed the praises of an honest heart."

THE afflicting intelligence of the count's demise was communicated at the cottage by our hero, with that caution which his real sympathy suggested. Women are so tenderly alive to the casualties of domestic life, their conception of sorrow is so accurate, that the tale our Englishman had to relate seemed only a confirmation of their fears.

Mrs. Manderson now trembled for the health of her nephew; and dispatching Bevans to take his place, as guardian of the remains

remains of De V——, her anxious eyes were directed towards the castle. Amelia spoke of the lamented count; every trait of his character was dwelt upon with a simple eloquence, which called forth the admiration of Sidney.

"What a lesson is death!" said our hero. "How awful, how impressive its advances! yet how consoling to the prepared and weary traveller!"

"And he was prepared," said Amelia. "With what delight I reflect upon our last conversation! Never shall I forget the calm and happy anticipations he expressed in his approaching dissolution; he was a good man, a pious, humble believer."

The arrival of Durweston called his friends to observe a manner more calculated to tranquillize his spirits; yet would the subject recur, and each revert to some excellence of the departed sufferer.

Sidney officiated at the breakfast-table, and as he quitted the cottage to return to the inn, not a thought was given to his so lately

lately indulged and happy plans of removal. Affliction is an appointment of so sacred a nature, pride, vanity, *human* projects appear so futile, before the chastening rod of a directing Providence, hard and callous must be the heart which opposes its interest in the hour dedicated to suffering.

A delay of some days ensued. The count was interred, agreeably to his wish, by the side of his friend; during this time our hero absented himself from Filbert Wood, maintaining an interesting correspondence with Amelia, which more than ever flattered his heart's preference.

As he selected those passages from her letters which more immediately appealed to his understanding, and read them to Fitzhenry and his father, "Has she not an angelic mind?" would he say. "In one so young, could you have expected such depth of reasoning, combined with so much modesty?"

"She is rational, Wentworth," said the colonel;

colonel; "not an atom of affectation deforms her mind or person. As a wife, what a companion will she prove! and if doomed to resign her treasures to her Maker, she is a Christian, and will support herself under affliction."

"She will! she will!" said Sidney; "but may she be spared such sorrow!"

"Amen!" said sir Ormsby. "Sidney, you want her example; remember what I have lost."

Wentworth bowed to the reproof, while his beating heart secretly dwelt on the sombre side of the subject.

At length a permission to renew his visits was granted him. Again the charms of society restored him to cheerfulness. No opposition was offered to the plan before suggested, and the little family were in readiness to depart from the cottage. Durweston, on whom some pecuniary arrangements depended, was united in the compact; and in a week from the death of De V——, the cottage was resigned, and

the whole party removed for the metropolis. Wentworth accompanied the colonel to his hotel; then, with his father, repaired to Park-street.

It was now all his views were extended. His house, in idea, was new modelled—decorated to receive a wife. At one moment he would dismantle an apartment—in the next, it would be better to leave it to the taste of his Amelia; would she like the situation of his dwelling, or would the country be her choice?

Lady Beverly hastened to welcome her beloved friends, and to remind sir Ormsby he was her visitor. The baronet could not oppose her wishes; he returned to Grosvenor-square. With that warmth which graced her character, she anticipated the introduction of our hero; and had visited Fitzhenry and his family ere Wentworth reached the hotel next morning.

Sidney started as he discovered sir George and his lady at breakfast with his mistress. "How is this, Grace?" said he; "I had proposed

proposed to myself the pleasure of introducing you to my friends."

"I knew what a churl you were, Sid," said her ladyship; "all the golden opportunities would be your own, and we must have waited till it pleased your inclination to give us a satisfaction we were most anxious to embrace."

"You are saucy as ever, I perceive; Beverly, you give her too much liberty."

"Liberty! what an odious word from a man on the verge of slavery! It is in my power to guard Miss Fitzhenry against your tyranny, Wentworth; and if she will allow me five minutes conversation, I will give her her cues. Will you trust yourself with me?" added her ladyship.

"Certainly," said Amelia; "your ladyship's purposed information must engage my ready acquiescence," and with a smile she gave her hand to lady Beverly, and withdrew.

"Your presumption has met its punishment," said sir George. "Positively, Went-

worth, I rejoice to perceive your mistress has so much vivacity."

"It is not vivacity," said Sidney, "'tis cheerfulness; a mind alive to the sunshine of youth, never to be drawn into folly, though plastic to the impress of the social feelings."

Sir George smiled. "How romantic love makes some men!" said he,

"Make allowances, George," said sir Ormsby; "remember what you were a few months since; nor has Sidney overdrawn the character of Amelia. She is what Arbuthnot has described—'In the due mean, between one of your affected, curtseying pieces of formality, and your romps, that have no regard to the common rules of civility.'

"I am most willing to concede to your eulogium, my dear sir Ormsby; yet I cannot deny I have the greatest pleasure in seeing Wentworth caught. He has been so successful in evading the plans of the mothers, not less than the charms of the daughters,

daughters, that, now he is actually in love, I shall certainly own some satisfaction in rallying him."

"Mr. Wentworth is equal to bearing your raillery, sir George," said Mrs. Manderson. "I, from partiality for the object of his regard, am not, perhaps, qualified to speak on this occasion. I allude to Mr. Wentworth only, when I say his principles are so just, every action of his life is so ingenuous and truly amiable, that the best illustration we can attain of his worth, is to lead him into argument, put him on his defence, and if censure is *ever* levelled at him, it must vanish before his clear and unaffected eloquence."

"Wentworth is a lost man," replied sir George; "or, as lady Tadcaster has christened him, he is the Grandison of modern days. *Entre nous,* have you heard of her ladyship's management? Lady Charlotte Dalton is destined to be the wife of lord Arlingham."

"I must address this speculating lady,"

said

said Fitzhenry. "I will do so instantly;" and retiring for the purpose, sir George waved his raillery, and engaged Mrs. Manderson and sir Ormsby to enter into the spirit of his conversation.

Our hero sat in one corner of the room, intent on perusing a packet of letters put into his hands by Durweston; and though he occasionally caught a sentence, and smiled at its inference, or besought his friends to spare him, the abstracted manner of Sidney will find apology with my readers, when the letters in question are announced as those written by Amelia to the count, at the period of Adelaide's elopement, and Durweston's severe indisposition.

Letters of consolation are, for the most part, such inefficient and overstrained productions, there is so little heart in them, while the labour of the head stands confessed, I know no attempt of woman less qualified to do her honour as a scribbler. Our heroine had not committed herself

by

by dictating the modes by which comfort was to be attained under his afflictions; she had rather confined herself to narration, and the effects which had been produced by the guilt of the wanderer. She told all, and, with a leniency truly feminine, offered her petitions in behalf of the wretched seceder. De V—— had owned the real value of her correspondence. She had allayed the first transports of his indignation, and taught him to commit the punishment to Him "who sees all hearts."

Edward found these epistles among the papers of the count, and believing our hero would find pleasure in their perusal, he presented them to Sidney, as *he* departed to the city on business.

Fitzhenry returned to the breakfast-room.

At this juncture, a newspaper was brought in by Fitzhenry's man. Wentworth turned over the pages, to discover if any house, suited to the colonel's family, was advertised—"Here is what we want," said Sidney, and he pointed to an advertisement.

"It sounds well," said the colonel; "shall we go look at it?"

Wentworth assenting, the carriage was ordered, and our heroine and lady Beverly were summoned to accompany the gentlemen. Sir George, Fitzhenry, and the baronet, proposed walking to the agent's for tickets, while Sidney mounted the box and drove towards Piccadilly. Little Durweston was of the party; he was now mixed in the family compact, caressed, and in all respects a happy being.

Near Clarges-street the carriage was hailed. "Go on to Grosvenor-row, No. —," said sir George.

"It is lady Tadcaster's number," said Amelia; "does her ladyship ever let her house?"

"I really don't know, my dear, but I think it probable," replied lady Beverly. "I know it is a custom with many fashionable people."

"A custom more honoured in the breach than the observance," said Mrs. Manderson. "I cannot be reconciled to the *many* mean

resorts

resorts attached to our superior *elegantés*. Board wages for their servants, letting their houses, borrowing of a carriage, or contriving to attain a seat in the equipage of a friend, for which convenience they will submit to the meanest condescensions, and be blind to the trouble they give."

"Mrs. Marnley used to make me smile," said our heroine; "nothing could equal her anger when requests of this nature were made to her; yet she would instantly meet the offending party with the warmest expressions of pleasure, at being able to accommodate her dear friend; though I positively heard her once declare, if she could trust to her coachman's skill, she would desire him to overturn the carriage."

"Really these carriage-hunters are very troublesome," replied lady Beverly; "it is impossible to avoid them, or yet deny them."

"You can only avoid by denying them," said Amelia; "nor do I think it a difficult task. Those who are intrusive in such

points are rarely the persons we esteem. I would candidly say, (soon as I saw it was an established system) I considered myself bound not to increase the fatigue of my servants; that my own visits really occupied them sufficiently; and, I might add, what I have frequently observed, the little remunerations bestowed on them by this class of visitors is received grudgingly, and with no idea of its adequateness to their services."

"They were formed for each other, my dear madam," said lady Beverly, addressing Mrs. Manderson. "I know Sidney would call it only common sense, but to me it appears the most courageous effort of reason to be so decisive."

"I cannot understand it as such; nay, I should have thought lady Beverly, who certainly does not shape her conduct for the world, would have found no difficulty in observing a similar line of conduct."

"It appears very formidable, my dear madam; yet I really believe I ought to make

make a beginning, for I have been much annoyed by two ladies well known to Miss Fitzhenry."

Even as our heroine suggested, it was the dwelling of lady Tadcaster to which they were referred.

Sidney smiled. As he gave his hand to Amelia, in leading her from the carriage—"How different are our feelings," whispered he, "since last we passed this threshold!"

Amelia returned his smile, yet, in her feelings, there was no material change; her love was now sanctioned, and this was all; for she could not love better than she had done from the commencement of their acquaintance.

Sir George, the baronet, and Fitzhenry arrived.

"What an odd coincidence," said the colonel, "that this house, in which I first met my Amelia, should become our residence! We will take it; the situation is pleasant, the house elegant; in short, I have

have many reasons for preferring it to any other."

Sidney understood his friend. Though Amelia must necessarily be recognised as the heir of the colonel, he saw his pride was gratified in retaining the house of lady Tadcaster for her recent dependant.

They had gone through the ground floor, and ascended to the front drawing-room. Amelia led the way. "This little room," said she, still leading the way, "is excessively pretty. Lady Maria and I used to sit here continually;" and as she pushed the door open, it was held against her, and, in a moment, closed, and bolted within.

"How odd!" said Amelia, turning to Sidney.

"How insolent!" said he. "Where is the person who has charge of the house?" and he drew the bell.

A woman made her appearance.

"We wish to see this room," said Wentworth. "Open the door for us."

"Bless me! it was open just now," said the

the woman, pausing. "Stop a minute, gentlefolks," and she hobbled out of the room.

"Look at Wentworth," said Fitzhenry. "Did you ever see so much curiosity in a countenance?"

"If this had been a castle, in place of a London dwelling, night instead of day, a chain to the door in lieu of a simple bolt, what a romantic scene might have been made of it!" said sir Ormsby.

"And here comes a very essential personage for your romance, sir," said Sidney, as the old woman returned with a bunch of keys.

"I thought, ye see, it *mought* be that the lady who comed to-day in her carriage, and waited while she sent to the King's-road for flowers, was not gone yet; but she must be, for Nance says she heard the door go half an hour ago."

"Poh!" said Wentworth, "no lady would be guilty of a rudeness of this sort. I am tempted to believe some one has got

 into

into the house with an intent to rob it. Give me the keys, though it is useless; I heard the bolt secured within."

"Force the door," said Fitzhenry. "I will stand the damages."

Wentworth instantly raised his arm, and, with one blow, broke a pannel of the door. Thrusting his hand within, he unloosed the bolt, when the party rushed forward and discovered—not a thief, but Mrs. Marnley, seated on a sofa, pale, agitated, and covered with confusion.

Our Englishman was confounded, yet his presence of mind did not wholly forsake him. "Your frolic has led me into an error," said he; "I conclude you did not know you were opposing the entrance of some of your acquaintance."

"No, indeed, Mr. Wentworth; such a thing never occurred to me. I wished to teaze Miss Macleod, whose return I expect every moment."

Amelia divined the true cause of her agitation. That she had wished to avoid their party,

party, there could be no doubt; and now she was compelled to the meeting, the hesitation and confusion of her manner evinced how ill she was at ease in their presence.

Wentworth introduced Mrs. Marnley by name. Lady Beverly threw herself on a sofa, half-pleased to witness the humiliation of the widow, whose character she despised.

"If this lady, your friend, has any idea of taking the house, Wentworth," said the colonel, "I beg she will say so; we have tickets for two others in the neighbourhood."

"I came here for a lounge," replied the widow. "The town is so warm, one is glad to quit it for a few hours," and she looked towards Amelia.

Though Mrs. Marnley had no right to expect kindness at the hands of our heroine, it is certain *she* was the only one of the party disposed to accord it her. Nor was it a point of much merit in Amelia; secure as she was

was in the affections of our Englishman, it would have disgraced her, had she not endeavoured to make the humbled woman feel more at ease.

"I am surprised to find you in London so late in the season, ma'am," said Amelia; "I thought you intended going to Osterly."

"I did think of it, but I have a horror of the place."

Fitzhenry having learned, through sir Ormsby, who the widow was, approached towards her. "Amelia, my love, I believe this is the lady with whom you did reside?" said he.

Amelia bowed in the affirmative.

"Miss Fitzhenry was so unfortunate as to be doubted by you, madam, when she refused to submit her real name to your inquiry. I believe it is very possible for a woman to gain a woman's confidence, and I am assured there are instances in which they would *demand* it; it is a false notion to suppose compulsion will ever make a friend, where

where kindness has been denied. She whom you have called Miss Sidney is my relation, bears my name, in short, she is my adopted child. This may, perhaps, satisfy your doubts, madam. I am not ambitious she should be subject to *your* further animadversions," and taking the arm of Amelia, he led her into the drawing-room.

Never had the mortified Clara felt so unequal to a reply. Thus humbled in the presence of the man she loved, and that man devoted to the girl she had ever felt pleasure in wounding, all her faculties seemed suspended.

Our Englishman saw the necessity for temporizing the just reproof of the colonel. He spoke of lord Osterly.

Mrs. Marnley declared she believed he was deranged, "though I have seen him but once since his arrival," she added. "He was all regrets for the past, and full of wonderfully moral sentiments. I had not patience with him; and indeed his ingratitude to Supple would make me loath him."

"We

"We differ, as usual," said Sidney; "his contempt of Supple is the first step towards lord Osterly's independence."

"Independence, Mr. Wentworth! Actually, I believe the creature is in durance vile."

"Put there by Supple, no doubt," replied Sidney. "Let him beware; I would take some trouble to bring that wretch to justice."

"Oh! how vindictive you are growing! You make me shudder. Surely you are not serious?"

"Never more so. I am interested for Osterly, and consequently must despise his destroyer."

"You are wrong, Mr. Wentworth, excessively wrong;" when, at this moment, some one ran up stairs.

"Did you think we had ran away?" said a voice, which our hero recognised to be that of Mr. Supple.

"A thousand pardons!" and he bowed to Amelia and the colonel, who were in

conversation

conversation in the front drawing-room, and he passed on to that from which the voice of the widow issued.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!*" said Supple, with a profound obeisance. "Sir Ormsby Wentworth, I rejoice to see you looking so well. Mr. Wentworth, your most obedient humble servant," and with a silent pressure of his hat to his bosom, he included sir George and lady Beverly in the studied movement.

Wentworth smiled at the consummate hypocrite. To him he appeared more than ever odious; there was an affectation added to his always prominent manners, an evident wish to appear young, which actually caused Sidney to watch him with an observing eye.

Supple approached Mrs. Marnley. "Poor Macleod will be impatient," said he.

The widow frowned; it was not her wish he should appear so much at ease before Wentworth. "Let her wait," said Mrs. Marnley. "Why did she not get out of the

the carriage? *I* am not to yield to *her* whims."

"It would be a strange inversion if *you* were," whispered Supple.

Mrs. Marnley bit her lips; she saw Wentworth smile contemptuously, as she thought. "See if the carriage is ready," said she, addressing Supple; and, with a hasty curtsey to Sidney, she withdrew.

"A match," said sir George; "the widow will marry that prince of hypocrites."

"I know not exactly how far my right as a trustee may extend, but I certainly will not fail to exert all my authority to prevent Mrs. Marnley forming a connexion so degrading."

"It wont save her, Sidney," said lady Beverly. "He is a man not to be dismayed by trifles; nay, I really believe, to thwart you, would not be the least of his triumphs."

Our hero could not bear to believe it possible, though appearances strongly justified its probability.

Fitzhenry

Fitzhenry having decided on taking the house for two months, the party were returning to the carriage. Sidney lingered behind, to give a douceur to the old woman.

"Thank you, sir," said the woman. "I'm sure I beg pardon; it was quite my mistake about that lady. Poor thing! I fear she is not sound in her mind. My girl says she cried so in the drawing-room, and kissed the sofas, and all such out-of-the-way sort of doings; but mayhap she might love somebody that used to come to the house, you know, sir; there is no saying."

"It would be impossible to judge in such a case," said Wentworth, hastening down the stairs, and resuming his seat on the box; yet, that he did not reflect on the old woman's communication, we would not pretend to say. It was not an effort of vanity, if he placed the tender recollections of the widow to his own account. After her visit to Park-street, there could be no doubt that she *believed* herself attached to him; and while our hero regretted her

mistaken preference, perhaps with a sigh regretted it, (for a man must be made of marble who is not grateful for the voluntary love of a woman), yet it was not that sort of regret which could injure him in the eyes of Amelia; on the contrary, while he lamented her distinction should have fallen on him, the *woman* was miserably lowered in his estimation.

In two days, Fitzhenry and his family were settled in Grosvenor-place. Our heroine and Mrs. Manderson wore black, in compliment to the memory of De V——. Durweston, whose society became every day more valuable to the colonel, seemed gradually advancing to tranquillity. It were useless to say, Wentworth was a constant visitor in Grosvenor-place. Fitzhenry entered into the gaieties of the town, convinced Amelia would soon be taken from him, and consequently not suffer by her short devotion to a fashionable life. He threw open his doors to a numerous circle, though not an *indiscriminate* one. A man of

of known fortune need not doubt his power to collect a mob; but, when he dares to select, it is laughable to see, and to hear, what the disappointed will say.

"Did you ever know any thing half so odd, as the good fortune of Dalton's governess, adopted by a nabob, my dear?" said Miss Parsloe to one of her best friends. "I say nothing about the *relationship*; we all know the *correctness* of soldiers in general; I shall take a good look next time I see her; I dare say she has a shade of colour."

"I have no doubt of it, my dear," replied Miss Parsloe's friend. "Really I think it is an affront to *us*, to introduce such sort of people whom nobody knows."

"Oh, here comes Marnley; she will be able to set us right."

It was at a snug party given by Mrs. Tibbits, that this *English exposé* took place. Miss Parsloe approached the widow, and began her inquiries. Nothing could have been

been less congenial to the feelings of Mrs. Marnley, than a reference to the happy prospects of our heroine; *compelled* to speak of her, she gave into the temper of her associates.

"There is no doubt she is a natural child of colonel Fitzhenry's," said she. "Have you seen him? The most impertinent old quiz you can imagine. With a very plentiful portion of worldly cunning, he has trepanned Mr. Wentworth into a love business with his *elevé*; nor should *I* wonder if it ended in marriage."

"Marriage is always in the mouth of a widow," said lord Weybridge, approaching the eloquent Mrs. Marnley. "Who is it that excites your envy now?"

"How ridiculous you are!" replied the simpering Clara; "we were speaking of Fitzhenry and his *adopted* daughter. Have you heard the report?"

"You mean Wentworth's attachment to Miss Fitzhenry. Yes, every body is talk-

ing

ing of it. He is a lucky dog; she will have an immense fortune, and is a very lovely girl."

"Are you serious, my lord?" said Miss Parsloe. "I really had given you credit for a better taste; nay, your pride, I should have imagined, would have taught a more consistent decision."

"Pride stands a very poor chance where *natural* beauty is so eminently conspicuous; and, indeed, the lady in question is well descended—very highly connected."

"You are jesting," said the widow; "your hoax will not pass with me. Miss Fitzhenry's *complexion* is wonderfully *fair*, is it not? nothing like a shade of colour is discoverable in this Hebe."

"By Heaven! you are censorious," replied my lord. "You women, when you *chuse* to be cruel, have no line of demarkation."

"You horrid wretch!" said Miss Parsloe, "this is downright insolence. Really I wonder

I wonder you have the effrontery to advance such a libel."

"Let the galled jade go wince," said the peer, laughing, and passing on to another party.

Supple now advanced, and learning from Miss Parsloe the nature of her evident chagrin—"My dear *young* lady," said the sneering Surface, "your *innocence* is not calculated to comprehend the manœuvres to which the Wentworth family are resorting, in order to give *consequence* to the woman their *interest* leads them to receive into it. That *rara avis*, Mr. Sidney, is an adept in management. She will reign for a day; indeed, at present, Miss Fitzhenry and her fortune is blurted on the ear of the fashionable world, with an obtrusiveness calculated to disgust, in place of pleasing: but Wentworth is a credulous mortal, quite the man to be caught by appearances."

"You don't know him," said Mrs. Marnley,

ley, with disdain; "he has more sense than half his sex put together. No man is less credulous than Wentworth, and, in point of person, he is unrivalled."

"*I* could not *presume* to contradict *you*," bowed Supple. "That charming spirit of contradiction which animates Mrs. Marnley, is too attractive and dangerous a contemplation for the man before her, not to command his silence, in order to spare his feelings," and he sighed.

"How absurd!" blushed the widow—yet she took the arm of the daring flatterer; nor noticed the smile which was interchanged between her female observers.

"She will marry that odious wretch," whispered Miss Parsloe to her friend, as they joined half a dozen of their acquaintance, and proceeded to murder the character of Mrs. Marnley.

"Marnley is blind," said old Tibbits to lord Weybridge. "I see Supple has found her weak side."

"None but a blind man could be igno-

rant of her *weakness*," said my lord. "She is an ideot!"

"Poh, don't tell me of a woman's ignorance who has a jointure like Marnley. You are a blockhead, or she might have been your's."

"Mine! 'Angels and ministers of grace defend me!' Mine! my dear Tibbits, don't name such a thing; she is a stick, a shadow of a woman—all angles, not a curve in her construction. Surely you do not know the criterion of beauty;—full, fat, and fair, is the order of the day. I would as soon wed a Maypole as such a shapeless woman."

It was at this moment lord John Nugent joined the peer. "Have I come too late, my lord?" said lord John. "I thought I heard you discussing the female form."

"I was, my lord. My aunt would persuade me there is grace in a skeleton. I am not to be converted; the *en bon point* is my taste; in fact, *now* it would be gothic in the extreme to sanction any other style of woman."

"Fashion

" *Fashion* does much in these cases, lord Weybridge; there is a medium; there is a roundness pleasing to the eye. Burke denominates grace to consist in this quality, and, according to *my* idea, he is correct; but we are not going beyond the mark in admiring the gross figure? weight must necessarily be cumbrous. A woman should seem to glide, not move evidently; there is something in *activity* of body, which strongly inclines us to give credit to an assimilating energy of mind."

"I will bet you any thing, my lord," replied Weybridge, " our women will exceed those of the Ottoman empire in size, ere two years have elapsed. They have already adopted a system of fattening; a *female doctress* attends, and prescribes mutton chops and porter at certain hours; they *sleep* after the nutritious aliment, and wake to eat again. We never do any thing by halves in this dear little island. No, no; I anticipate the time when we shall chuse them by *weight*."

 "I discern

"I discern a saucy spirit of satire in your remarks, my lord," said lord John; "and, in truth, it is fair. I know you have some invention; suppose you were to suggest some other mode of attaining this exuberance of flesh."

"I have been thinking on the subject," replied lord Weybridge; "and if I could be certain they would attend my summons, I would put it in practice. I have a little box near Hounslow; I have it in contemplation to lay out a plot of ground, and manure it with *patent oil-cakes.* It should be elevated, and designed with as much convenience for the feeders as possible; and, in order to give it the celebrity which *new* systems must, in their beginning, embrace, I would new name my house —call it 'The Round-about,' or 'Pasturage for Ladies.' Do you think it would take?"

Lord John laughed heartily at the whimsical satire of the peer. "I think it bears some features of promise," said he; "and when you put your design in execution,

I will

I will readily assist in disseminating your generous intention. But tell me, my lord," continued Nugent, "have I been rightly informed? There is a lady lately introduced into society, who is named as the goddess of your idolatry; I mean Miss Fitzhenry."

"Why, positively I was near being in for it there, lord John, that is, she pleased me. There is a dignified chastity in her manner, which, added to her graceful person, gave me a little uneasiness. I believe I should have pined for her, had not Wentworth carried off the prize. I like the fellow, though I think him eccentric. I found he was seconded by her relation, colonel Fitzhenry, and gave up the chace. Now *she* has the figure I admire; a soft feminine form, an elasticity in her movement, which excites admiration with respect. I was not exactly conscious of her superiority, until Wentworth had made his advances, and, between ourselves, he is not a man to be cut out."

"I admire your liberality, my lord; you say right; Wentworth is a very fine young man—a man of strict principle, and pure mind."

Lord Weybridge was pleased by the approbation of Nugent; yet, it is certain, he omitted a very essential motive for his tardiness in addressing Amelia. He admired her as a dependant at lady Tadcaster's; she was poor, and he dissipated and rich. To have humbled her to his passion, had been a *serious* contemplation of the now *honourable* Weybridge; she was spared the humiliation, by her removal from Grosvenor-place. On discovering, through the medium of Supple, she was connected with Fitzhenry, and destined to inherit his property, his feelings underwent a change; fortune added to the beauty he really admired, and caused him to pursue her honourably. Our hero's arrival at Cheltenham, his residing with the colonel, put my lord on the alert; too proud to stand second, where his title gave him a claim (as

he thought) to be first, he resigned his pretensions, well pleased at being spared a mortification so inimical to his pride. And now, with that vivacity for which he was distinguished, he took pleasure in mortifying those who presumed to sneer at the happy fortunes of his admired favourite. Even Wentworth had owned surprise, in the cordial congratulations of the peer; had turned from his glowing approbation of his Amelia; till lord Weybridge, with manly ingenuousness, confided his real sentiments to our hero, and requested to be numbered amongst his friends.

Sidney received the overture with politeness, yet we know not that he placed him on the list with those whom he purposed to be his associates after marriage.

It were endless to enumerate all the effects which *fortune* produced on the opinions of those to whom our heroine had *formerly* been known. Her first appearance in society was marked by that species of detraction and malice which we have

 depicted;

depicted; it subsided, by degrees, into approval. There is no *medium* in fashionable friendship; ere a month had elapsed, she rose *above* par; it was the height of ton to approve the lovely Miss Fitzhenry. Half a dozen dashing *elegantes* offered themselves as *chaperon* to the heiress. Though Fitzhenry was a stranger to the *motives* which induced such liberality in women of rank, Sidney, who understood the *town*, was at no loss to account for their condescension.

"My Amelia wants no countenance of this kind from strangers," said Sidney, one morning, (when the colonel had been engaged in declining the voluntary services of lady ———); "lady John Nugent and Grace are always ready to attend her. I wish we could persuade *you*, my dear Mrs. Manderson, to look in at a few parties; we would then dispense with our present *chaperons.*"

"Amelia's good friends are better suited to an office of this sort, Mr. Wentworth;

fashionable visiting is now beyond my years; in fact, at my time of life, late hours are improper. In occasional visits to lady Nugent, and your sweet cousin, I feel the highest gratification; they suffer me to retire when I please. Beside that, their conversation is a source of entertainment too valuable not to be embraced, whenever the opportunity offers."

"I dare not oppose your truly just sentiments," replied Sidney. "Age is dignified by its evident capacity to amuse itself. It is a delightful contemplation to behold the acquirements of youth blessing the decline of life. I can imagine no sight more disheartening, I might say degrading, than that of the aged of either sex pursuing the haunts of dissipation, restless at home, and occupied, as they frequently are, by the most frivolous productions in literature."

"How distressing it is to me!" said Amelia. "When poor lady Amulet makes her appearance, I cannot keep my eyes from her countenance; it is dreadful to

mark the constant movement of her head; so afflicted, how can she venture her health to be exposed to night parties?"

"She is not singular, Amelia. If palsy, cough, and half a thousand other evident mementos of waning life, could impress the young as warnings, we might enter into many parties, and be edified; I much fear they produce a contrary effect, and ridicule is *pointed* where respect *might* be claimed."

"Lady Amulet is one of your volunteer *chaperons*, Amelia," said Fitzhenry. "I have spared your sensibility by declining her suffrage, I find."

"Lady Amulet!" exclaimed Wentworth; "is it possible? Don't call me scandalous, colonel; she is the most artful woman in existence. Had you yielded to her request, and *I* had not been as *secure* as I really feel, Amelia would have been sold to the best bidder. I am serious; she is a sort of agent in matrimonial connexions; her house is supported by contributions, if the world

world does not belie her. She has *brought* out many girls, and settled them what the world calls advantageously. I heard her declare, the other evening, novelty was wanted. She was reprobating the rusticity of two or three noble families, who had married their daughters, without giving them the *advantage* of being *seen* in society. Amulet has been successful in her schemes; she has a hawk's eye, and when she fixes on a *man*, he seldom escapes her design. Her own daughters have made excellent matches; and she is now a voluntary, though not a *disinterested* negotiator for the fashionable world generally."

"The influence of women can never be questioned, Wentworth. *We* sometimes indulge in little flights of superiority, deem ourselves the head lords of the creation; we are infants in their hands; the most imbecile animals under the sun. You shake your head, while every action of your *present* life proclaims you a slave," and he smiled at our hero.

"I warn

"I warn you, Amelia, I am not the creature he describes; would you wish me such?"

"Heaven forbid you were!" said our heroine. "An indecisive man is a contemptible character."

While yet they were talking, sir Ormsby and a gentleman were announced.

"My dear doctor Firmor!" said Sidney, seizing the hand of the venerable clergyman, "how kind!"

"How auspicious, Mr. Sidney! Is not that what you would say?"

"I believe I ought to say so; but, indeed, your presence is most welcome to me."

The doctor was graciously received by Fitzhenry. When introduced to Mrs. Manderson, his benevolent heart shone in his eyes. "Best of women," said he, "Heaven will reward your virtuous trials! and this is Miss Tracey's daughter?" taking the hand of Amelia: "you are like your mother, madam; I could not pay you a higher compliment;"

compliment;" and he saluted the trembling Amelia.

"She *is* like her mother, Firmor," said sir Ormsby, folding his arm round our heroine, and regarding her features with attention.

Amelia looked towards Sidney, and her eyes seemed to reproach him with having summoned Firmor without consulting her.

"You are in error, Amelia," said Sidney, rising, and taking the arm of his venerable friend. "My dear sir, do exonerate me from the imputation of a clandestine intimation; you are here by your own choice, uninvited by me?"

"Certainly, Mr. Sidney; and if my presence gives pain to this lady, I will withdraw," and he smiled archly.

"I should be greatly disappointed if Mr. Wentworth's whims deprived me of the honour of entertaining doctor Firmor," said Amelia, with animation.

"Very well, young lady; these lovers require to be reminded of their foibles,"

replied

replied the doctor; "yet I must be ingenuous; my visit was expressly designed to Mr. Durweston, a young man I esteem—I love, I might say. Calling on lady Beverly, I met my friend sir Ormsby, who has obliged me by a little narrative, which leads me to hope I may be found useful *professionally*, ere I return to Adderfield."

Our heroine crimsoned at the doctor's closing remark; and Wentworth, laughing, declared—"*Whim* was confined to no profession."

The morning passed in social chat; the doctor, at taking leave, promised to dine in Grosvenor-place, where he trusted to meeting Durweston.

"Amelia," said Fitzhenry, "the parson's arrival is fortunate; I see no reason for delaying your marriage. Wentworth has importuned me to consult with you on the subject. I think you can have no reasonable objection to confirm his happiness. What says my dear girl?"

"I have no power to oppose your wishes, sir;

sir; the happiness of Wentworth, it will be my pride to constitute. Am I too passive?" she added, throwing her arms round Mrs. Manderson. "Speak for me, my dear mother; ought I to assent?"

"It would be affectation to oppose the united wishes of your friends, my love," said Mrs. Manderson. "You love Mr. Wentworth; you have acknowledged as much to him; after this, Amelia, as your acquaintance has been of that nature which has exhibited your mutual characters free from reserve, it becomes infinitely desirable you should take his name. If my opinion is essential to your determination, I think it best you should accede to an early day."

"I will be guided by you," said our heroine; "only let me beg you will not let Wentworth hear of our present conference," and she quitted the room.

"I know not how to resign her," sighed Fitzhenry; "she is clinging to my heart indescribably; yet her lot is a most happy one!"

"Much as *I* shall feel her loss, my dear

sir,"

sir," said Mrs. Manderson, "I rejoice in her approaching nuptials. She is going into a family whose affections she has already gained; and when I reflect on the excellent Mr. Wentworth, his disposition, principles, and generosity of character, I am led to consider her's the happiest of all situations. Married in youth to a man of suitable years, her prospects are the most extendedly happy. Heaven bless and continue to them a bliss, I am persuaded they will own with gratitude!"

"I believe you are right," said the colonel. "I may now tell you, Durweston has consented to pursue his farming plan near Adderfield, and sir Ormsby says there is an old-fashioned house which may be improved, and made comfortable as my residence. I could not exist at a distance from Amelia. I shall find amusement in the alterations and improvements I propose; we must make a little neighbourhood amongst ourselves, my dear madam; much is in our power."

Mrs.

Mrs. Manderson spoke cheerfully of the future; for though Fitzhenry assented to yield his treasure to Wentworth, he was depressed at the idea of separation. It was now the listlessness and uncheering sameness of a bachelor's life was beginning to excite his regrets. His naturally social heart had, in early life, drawn a circle around him, which soothed his feelings; some had married, others were consigned to the grave; thus, though possessing abundance of wealth, he was *poor* in those gifts which make the happiness of declining life. Pope says,

> "Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
> Full well they merit all they feel, and more."

There may be a few snarlers, whose cold hearts exempt them from experiencing this aching void; but I must believe, there are thousands who, like Fitzhenry, regret, when too late, their vain and selfish apathy.

I *reprobate* the Roman system of taxing bachelors. The liable subject of such impost

MAHARAJA ... SARASWATI ... ORE

post should, in *compassion*, be left to vegetate in obscurity. I would leave him to himself, and when years steal over his head, when associates flee his petulant humours, his own reflections, his chagrin, will prove a sufficient tax upon his remaining days—an *assessment* which mere *money* cannot liquidate.

Our Englishman was not slow in comprehending the advantage of doctor Firmor's presence; though engaged to dine with sir George Beverly, he was in Grosvenor-place before nine o'clock. Mrs. Manderson and Amelia had left the dinner-table, and were seated in that room where the widow was discovered. The eye of the mild matron was turned upon our Englishman with an expressive meaning. She read his thoughts. "Do touch the bell, Mr. Wentworth," said she; "I want Charles to walk with me."

"I will go with you, ma'am," said Amelia, rising; "the evening is pleasant; I should like a walk."

"My

"My walk will be confined to the flags, Amelia; but I would advise you to take a turn in the road; Mr. Wentworth will accompany you."

Wentworth caught up a veil which laid on the sofa, threw it over her head, folded her shawl round her, and without waiting her reply, led his heart's treasure down the stairs and into the street.

"This is an escape," said Wentworth, as they turned into the King's-road; "you are not angry, Amelia?"

"I suppose it would be useless to say you are strangely persevering; I have told you so so often, you will not attend to me."

"Not now, my dear girl; nor do you know how resolute I am upon some occasions. You must listen to me, Amelia. I—why should I be prolix, when a few words will answer my purpose?" He besought her to allow him to fix a day for their union. "Let it be this day week," said Wentworth. "Firmor can only stay in London ten days."

Amelia

Amelia neither opposed nor assented to his proposal. Fitzhenry should determine. She would comply, if he thought it best.

"Then I am the happiest of men!" exclaimed our Englishman. "Let us return, Amelia; I must see the colonel," and hastening his pace, his silent companion was hurried to her home, with a speed little suited to her real trepidation of spirits.

As they entered the drawing-room, Sidney took a seat by Fitzhenry, while our heroine, scarcely conscious of her employment, sat folding her shawl, with a minuteness which excited a smile on the features of Durweston, who, taking a seat on the same sofa, was soon joined by the doctor.

"Amelia," whispered Edward, "your thoughts are not with your employment."

Amelia raised her eyes to reply, but the vivacity of his look wholly repressed the power of utterance.

"I have been admiring the neatness of your performance, Miss Fitzhenry; I like to see ladies, I was going to say, *tidy*; but that

that is such an old-fashioned word, it would scarcely be understood in these days. Do tell me, if *careful* would do in its place?"

"I believe either word would express your meaning, sir, though I don't know that I deserve the character."

"This is, nevertheless, a very evident proof of your neatness," resumed the doctor, taking her shawl from her hand. "But will you allow me to judge of your excellence in another and more elegant particular? I am fond of music, will you favour me with a tune?"

Our heroine complied; and as she reflected who was the owner of the instrument on which she was playing, the circle around her, all the interest attached to her humble powers to amuse, a tide of happiness rushed to her heart; it extended to her employment, and a lesson of Beethoven's was performed with a brilliancy which collected her friends in a little group around her. Every voice was eloquent,

save

save that of our Englishman, who hung enraptured on the dulcet reverberation.

Durweston solicited a song. "Hope told a flattering tale," was sung with her usual pathos.

"Charming!" said the doctor. "I should think Handel's music would suit your voice. Will you try one of his airs, Miss Fitzhenry?"

She sang that impressive and divine composition, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

The doctor was silent; he had no voice to thank her for some moments. "Mr. Sidney," said he, after a pause, "these are the *chaste embellishments* of female education; a woman thus endowed, whose suavity of manner teaches an affable compliance with the request of her friends, these are the women who, in their own persons, are the gentle satirists of obtrusive and useless acquirements. What a solace in retirement is a mind thus cultivated! I listened to you with pleasure during dinner.

Your

Your mind is well stored; and while I express my delight in a contemplation so grateful to *my* notions of feminine qualifications, I am not less gratified to reflect on him to whom their gentle influence *will* be more immediately dear."

"It is here all thanks, all approval is due," said our heroine, taking shelter from the parson's *elogé* in a seat by Mrs. Manderson. "Indeed I cannot deserve such commendation."

"We will not argue the point, madam. I trust to our further acquaintance proving me poor in terms adequate to this highly-favourable impression."

The arrival of lord and lady Nugent, the Beverlys, and sir Ormsby, called our heroine to an exertion of mind which proved the doctor was not an erroneous observer.

Our Englishman contrived to impart the consent of Fitzhenry to Amelia; nor was it many minutes ere sir Ormsby and lady Beverly were admitted into the secret.

"Give me permission to tell Charlotte," said

said lady Beverly; "you will allow me, Amelia?"

"Not now, my dear lady Beverly; you will find an opportunity on your return to do so."

"I will tell her directly, Amelia. You have broken your promise; I thought I was to be considered as a sister—you were to call me Grace;" and pleased with an excuse for imparting the interesting fact, she sought lady John, and, in a half-whisper, named the intended day.

Lady John approached Amelia. "You are a good girl," said she; "had you been fastidious, I should have been off, without witnessing an event in which I am much interested. How does Wentworth behave? he looks very ridiculous just now; what a woman-like curiosity in his countenance!"

Sidney joined the fair babbler. "There is so much meaning in those eyes of yours, lady John, they seem to reflect so much happiness, may I be allowed to share your feelings?"

"Upon

"Upon honour, Wentworth, I don't deserve such leniency; I was actually remarking how stupid you looked."

"You will bear our friend's raillery," said Amelia, "when I tell you, she termed your curious-looking countenance a *woman-like* assumption."

"With such a mediator, the frowns or smiles of your sex are as nothing," replied Sidney. "I give you leave to be saucy, lady John; I am too happy to heed you."

"This is alarming—absolutely prophetic! he *will* be the tamest of benedicts: and do you really mean this creature to sit down a country gentleman, my sweet girl? Take my advice, and lead him a London gauntlet, or I would not answer for his sanity."

Lord John drew his seat next our heroine, and with playful vivacity controverted the opinions of his lady. "Charlotte is a great boaster, Wentworth," said he; "her utmost eloquence might be compressed into a very moderate sentence; if

 I say

I say more, she will call me a tyrant, or a betrayer."

"Not another word, Nugent; I will be dumb for the remainder of the evening, if you will pause there."

The entrance of Charles Durweston, who came to our heroine for her parting kiss, ere he retired for the night, diverted the purpose of lord John.

"This is a most enviable privilege, Miss Fitzhenry," said the peer, as Wentworth drew his favourite on his knee, and stole the kiss away. "Stop thief!" continued he; "*I* will not connive in your theft, by looking on, and not giving the alarm."

"You are always on the alert, my lord," said Sidney; "yet I allow married men should be vigilant; but they ought likewise to be merciful to the aspiring candidate for Hymen's silken bands."

"How flowery you are, Wentworth!" interrupted lady John; "will this eloquence survive your lover's dream? I should not wonder if you prove a downright *English* husband

husband—impertinently vigilant, if not sanctimoniously strict."

"The event will show," replied Wentworth; "nor do I fear even the discernment of your ladyship."

"Look at dear Grace, how her lively sallies are amusing the colonel!" said Amelia, glad to turn the conversation. "I shall grow jealous; Mrs. Manderson has already adopted her as a second daughter; she will certainly steal away some portion of her love."

"You can spare it, Amelia," whispered Sidney, as he gave his hand to our heroine, and led her to the sofa on which they sat, "for soon, you know, Amelia, you will be mine—exclusively mine; and I shall be jealous of your thoughts. You——"

"Then we should pause here," replied Amelia; "friendship will ever own strong claims on my feelings. Can you, who know all I have suffered, the isolated situation in which I stood, could you wish me an in-

 grate?

grate? Impossible! you are not true to yourself."

"Point out the line, the distinctness of friendship and love, Amelia; give me some idea of what I am to expect."

"I am not equal to the task, Wentworth; they may be understood, but will not bear delineation."

"Will you allow they are *very* distinct?"

"I will not reply to you—your vanity is too obvious;" and taking the arm of lady Beverly, she entered into a lively conversation with the fair Grace.

"We have been talking of the Adderfield girls," said her ladyship, addressing Sidney; "would you believe it, Fanny is yet lord Osterly's defender? I got a letter from her to-day, where she maintains he is thoughtless, but not absolutely erring."

"She is right, and she is wrong, my dear Grace; he is the victim of example."

Mrs. Manderson shook her head; Maria

Bevans

Bevans glanced on her mind, and she looked at Sidney doubtfully.

"I know your thoughts, my dear madam; but, even in that particular, he was led into error. A few years will, I am persuaded, bring Osterly to a better way of thinking—not that I could ever be reconciled to the idea of his being worthy of Miss Beverly. Between ourselves, I have been remiss; I must seek lord Osterly, though I know not of whom to inquire, save Supple."

"The motive will excuse the means," said Amelia. "I really think you ought to seek my lord."

"I will to-morrow," replied Wentworth; and, as he attended the summons of Durweston to a card-table, at which sir Ormsby and sir George were playing piquet, lady Beverly, with sweet ingenuousness, imparted to our heroine Louisa's attachment to Wentworth.

Amelia listened in silence—her heart palpitated at the mention of a passion so

 hopeless,

hopeless, and for an object so interesting in her eyes. "He is not a coquette," said she, half faltering; "tell me, my dear Grace, did he ever lead her to expect his love?"

"Never, Amelia; and fixed as I am assured her affections are, I have often thought he was more indebted to her preference, from the seclusion of her life, than any other circumstance."

Amelia looked sceptical.

"I know what you would say. Sidney is handsome, and his manner towards our sex is generally engaging; but, my dear, every body does not see with your eyes. I escaped his power, though my poor uncle was always endeavouring to lead me into love. No, really, with all his attractive qualities, Louisa would have saved her heart, had she mixed in society, where a thousand fine fellows, equal to your swain, would have come in for a share of her notice."

Our heroine was not converted: she had

seen

seen many men whose exterior *might* be thought equal to our Englishman; she was prejudiced, perhaps, for to her there was an intelligence in his eye, a smile when animated, not to be found in any other man; then, though lively, he was amenable to the gentler feelings; and when in company with women, there was a chastity in his language, a firmness in his manner of expressing his disapprobation of those trifles which are usually decorated by designing men to sooth women into foibles, which, according to our heroine's opinion, was incalculably valuable. Sir Charles Felton was an amiable liberal man; his offer to herself was truly noble—but was he not premature? was it possible he could know enough of her disposition, in so transient an acquaintance, as to justify his reason in making so unequivocal an offer of his hand? "Oh, no!" would she sigh, (but it was a joyful sigh). "Wentworth's is the decision which suits my heart; he acknowledges he watched my conduct, analyzed

my manner—and he approves! What a triumph for a disposition like mine, which, in giving him, as I have, my entire love, can look back with satisfaction on my confession, and fondly repose on his constant and unalterable regard!"

Fashionable parties are no novelty to fashionable readers; as such, I will not attempt to lead my followers through a gauntlet in which they are so experienced. I say nothing of the *fatigue* of the routine, knowing, as I do, they seldom allow such an effect is produced by a devotion to received opinions, "the usage of society." Nor is it necessary they should be open to conviction on this head; we take our own opinions on the subject. Pallid looks, emaciated figures, artificial charms, speak more eloquently the ravages of dissipation, than the most honest confession could elicit for them.

A wedding inexalted life is attended by one usual and little varying bustle. Lawyers, milliners, and mantua-makers, are the

the ostensible personages on whose activity the most interested parties must depend. Though Sidney was an able agent in all that could contribute to the dispatch of those employed, his capacious heart found time to admit the claims of friendship. He sought Supple, and demanded the residence of lord Osterly.

The miscreant was confounded; he had hoped our Englishman was too much a lover to think of the unfortunate. After some equivocation, he declared—"his mistaken young friend was in the King's Bench."

"I thought as much," said Sidney. "Well, sir, you can have no objection to meeting your *friend*. I will thank you to accompany me to lord Osterly."

"Pardon me, Mr. Wentworth; I have suffered too much through the folly of that young man, ever to meet him voluntarily. I feel for him, and would serve him to the utmost of my power; but we cannot meet."

"I will be surety for my lord's treating you as you deserve," replied Sidney. "I will not be refused. My curricle is at the door. You cannot be afraid of your friend," and he smiled.

"Fear and I are strangers, sir," bowed the hypocrite: "but allow me to add, Mr. Wentworth, you and I have never been in the habit of associating. I have not forgotten your former manner, sir."

"Then you are at no loss to understand my present request, Mr. Supple. I believe Osterly's degraded situation might be traced to your extraordinary power over him, not less than his fortune. Excuse me if I am too plain; it is in your power to make me rescind my suspicion. I will gladly do so, if you will give me the opportunity."

"My lord is headstrong, Mr. Wentworth, wholly unacquainted with worldly matters; it is on this you have presumed to judge me, as interfering in his concerns. I am not used to be questioned or suspected by any man. Your youth protects you,

sir. I forgive you; I perceive you are warm."

"You are too kind, sir; were I a boy, I should think *you* infinitely too lenient in the present case; as it is, I perceive clearly you cannot meet lord Osterly."

"I will go directly, Mr. Wentworth," resumed the aroused *Surface*. "You shall not talk me out of my principles, sir. Heaven knows, I *had* formed a very different idea of your character, Mr. Wentworth. It is the foible of a credulous man (which I avow myself to be), that his best impressions are too frequently erroneous."

"We shall have time to recant our errors, and improve our discernment," replied Sidney, and he led the way to his curricle.

As they entered the walls of this little kingdom of dissipation and misery, a tall elegant-looking young man laid his hand on the shoulder of Supple—"I have caught you at last," said he, grasping the alarmed hypocrite; "are you a prisoner?"

"Unhand me, sir," said Supple, with a countenance

countenance full of terror; "we are visitors to an inhabitant of this place," and he looked towards our hero for protection.

"This gentleman is a visitor to lord Osterly," said Sidney; "you will allow us to pass to his apartments?"

"I would not detain you, sir," said the stranger, bowing, "but this miscreant shall not escape me. Where are my bonds? Come to my room, and write an order for their delivery. I swear to Heaven, you shall not go, until I compel you to do me justice, thou usurer!"

"I pledge my word, Mr. Supple shall not quit this without seeing you again, sir," said Wentworth.

"Enough, sir," said the stranger, relinquishing his hold. "Go, thou insatiate devil! I will watch for you."

Supple followed close at the heels of our Englishman, happy in his temporary release from the *real* object of his *fear*, in his present visit.

As the apartments of the peer were pointed

pointed to our hero, the sound of music issued from the half-closed door; their arrival was not heard by the harmonic party. Sidney entered the room. In a moment all was discord; my lord flung down his violoncello; the amateurs, who were a motley assemblage of half-dressed male slatterns, and women whose appearance was doubtful, arose.

"I am sorry to spoil harmony," said Sidney, with a smile.

"To-morrow will do," said the peer, taking the hand of Wentworth, and as his eye fell upon Supple, a glow of indignation flushed his countenance. "Why are you here?" said he, with disdain.

"Be calm, my lord," said our hero, as he shut the door upon the last of the harmonic band; "Mr. Supple came at my request. Will you honour me by your confidence, and point out how far I can serve you?"

Lord Osterly was silent; his bosom swelled with gratitude, yet he could not speak.

After

After a pause he turned to Supple—"Explain why, and for what I am here," said he.

Supple hesitated. "The matter is too complicated for my humble powers of description," said he.

"Curse your modesty!" said the peer; "I wish you had been as scrupulous in action as you would seem in words;" and in a few words he explained his affairs. His establishment had, for the last two years, been conducted by Supple, through whose hands all his ready money had passed, and who, in order to give his pupil unbounded liberty, had withheld the cash, and negociated all his concerns, by bills drawn on himself, in *fact*, though, in appearance, on a friend of this demon's, between whom a perfect understanding existed. As they became due, and my lord could not meet their exigence, a premium was added, which, in time, nearly doubled their real value. The whole was conducted with so much management and address, as placed

Supple

Supple in the most liberal point of view. At length his power seemed declining; foreseeing there would be a fracas, he empowered his friend to sue the peer, who was, in the first place, conveyed to the Fleet. Hopeless of extricating himself, he, by advice of his lawyer, removed to his present abode, where, by dint of dissipation, and the affectionate assistance of Miss Osterly, he contrived to be cheerful, though far from happy.

Though the negligence of Osterly deserved reproof, our Englishman did not consider the present a season for offering admonition—"My lord's statement is very simple, sir," said he, addressing Supple; "I presume you would contradict it, if it were possible to do so."

"You are both prejudiced," replied Supple. "Few men of my experience would have borne with the intemperate conduct of my lord. I had always the most sanguine hopes in his final stability. I loved him as a son," and the tears started in his crocodile

crocodile eye. "Was it to be expected, gentlemen, that from my narrow income, I could spare the expenditure his superior rank must exact from his associate? disinterestedness of *mind* may live in the bosom of the man whose means are contracted."

"And real disinterestedness will actuate a just mind to contract its expenditure within its means," said Sidney.

"The charms of society, Mr. Wentworth; do you make no allowance for the man who aspires to be the companion of a superior mind?" and he bowed to lord Osterly.

"There is no apology for your present subterfuge, Mr. Supple," resumed Sidney. "Not an hour ago, you termed lord Osterly headstrong and ungrateful; I have a very different opinion of your victim; and my lord will forgive me, if I say his blindness was unpardonable. It would be useless to enter into recriminations now. If I understand lord Osterly, he would readily pay his *first* debts, but resolutely oppose

all

all imposition. Let me have all notes standing out at this time; I do not imagine my power extends to their final liquidation, but I should suppose they might be arranged, so as to give him liberty. What is the amount?"

Lord Osterly rose from his seat. "Wentworth," said he, taking the hand of our hero, "how have I deserved this generous interference? By Heaven, I cannot stand it! You shall not suffer for me. No, no; I am content to remain where I am; one year will bring me up again."

"It would ruin you to remain here," said Sidney. "You would acquire the most dangerous of all habits, an apathy to shame. It must not be; tell me what do you owe?"

"Near two thousand pounds," said my lord.

"I am glad it is so little," resumed Sidney. "Had we not best send for the man who holds the bills, and your lawyer?"

Supple made a move to execute the wish of Wentworth.

"By

"By no means," said our Englishman; "lord Osterly's servant shall be our messenger;" and placing his writing-desk before the peer, he requested he would address the parties.

Though the pride of Osterly had impelled him to refuse the assistance of Wentworth, *liberty*, that darling attribute of man, struggled at his heart, and caused him, thus urged, to fall into the wishes of his generous friend. The notes were dispatched, and a desultory conversation was kept up between the peer and Sidney, Supple scarcely *venturing* a word, so occupied was he by the *denouement* on the point of being disclosed.

At length, after an hour of anxious expectation, the lawyer, and a clerk of Mr. Orr's, made their appearance. The bills were produced in their original form, no extra charges named; Mr. Orr being confined to his room, had deputed Mr. Supple to see them adjusted.

Sidney smiled at the caution of the money-

money-agent. "Your master was wise, sir; he knew his liability; but I trust to lord Osterly's bringing him into public notice;" and submitting them to the inspection of the lawyer, he begged his official opinion.

The lawyer was quick in estimating their validity. "A few unavoidable charges always attend the return of these sort of bills," said he; "but if you observe, sir, the whole amount is now brought within one thousand five hundred, five hundred less than the detainers implied."

"What folly to sit down without inquiring into your affairs!" said Sidney. "See how you have encreased your anxiety, my lord."

"I had no spirits for investigation, Wentworth; I deferred it till the ensuing term."

"If you will call on me at six this evening," resumed Wentworth, addressing the lawyer, "we will settle this business, sir. And now, my lord, I presume you will suffer Mr. Supple to retire?"

"Gladly,"

"Gladly," said the peer; "but I warn you, by Heaven! I will hold you up for what you are, wherever I see you; and when I tell Wentworth *all* his obligations to you, I should wonder if he left you a whole bone in your skin."

"Mistaken young man! as if, by traducing me, you could exonerate yourself from your many foibles. I feel for you, my lord; weighed down as you are by obligation, it is impossible you should own a free opinion. I know your heart, however, and I repeat, I pity you;" and rising, he was retiring precipitately, when the peer darted across the room, and seized him by the collar.

"Let him go," said Sidney, rushing between them; "remember, my lord, I brought him here to serve my purpose; he is beneath *your* resentment, humbled as he is by the clearest evidence of his nefarious practices. You do not know all the obligations *you* will owe *me*, sir," he continued,

tinued, turning to Supple; "I have defeated you here, and I will follow it up in another quarter."

"Of your intentions, Mr. Wentworth, no man should judge harshly," said the finished hypocrite; "you will acquire a more temperate disposition, I trust so, for the sake of your worthy father," and closing the door, he hurried down the stairs.

"What an idiot have I been!" said my lord. "I hate myself; wretch as he is, I am the object for contempt."

"Indeed you say right, my lord; nothing but credulity could have made you so long blind. Let us turn from the subject. I much doubt if your voluntary enemy is not on the eve of doing you an essential service, not designedly, I should premise."

"How? tell me how, Wentworth?"

Our hero was replying, when a shout from below called their attention. They threw up the window, and beheld Supple

ple and the gentleman who had accosted him at his entrance, exchanging a few blows. A ring was formed around them, the spectators evidently disposed in favour of the prisoner.

"Let us go down," said Osterly; "I should enjoy to see him well beaten."

"No, my lord; having brought him into his present dilemma, I could not stand by, and see him roughly used, though I do not deny he deserves it."

The peer was persuaded to remain, yet he could not refrain from applauding at every advantage of Mr. Singleton's. "Poor devil!" said my lord, "he has not a friend in the world, and all he owes is seven hundred pounds."

"How dreadful to see a young man thus immured for a sum so inconsiderable! The danger of such a situation is awful; it does not bear reflection."

"He is very happy in himself; his temper is amiable, and his wife, a sweet, angelic little woman, shares his prison; and seems

seems reconciled to poverty, while she has him with her."

"A woman living in this place with him!" said Sidney. "Horrible! my God, what must he feel when he reflects!" and had his power been unlimited, he would have given liberty to the stranger, for the sake of the woman. "You will observe, my lord, it is the *wife* who is the comforter of man in the hour of affliction; a mistress would desert you; or if she shared your prison, her disregard of consequences would but increase your difficulties."

"I believe—I *know* you are right, Wentworth," replied my lord. "St. Pierre says —'a wife is like the faithful spaniel, who abides with its master, and bears even his unkindness; while a mistress, like a cat, will turn upon you, and can never be said to be entirely worthy of trust."

"The simile is odd, but strictly just. May you live to judge for yourself, Osterly! I should rejoice to see you happy," and

and shaking the peer by the hand, our Englishman withdrew.

As he crossed the paved street, as it might with propriety be called, Mr. Singleton accosted him—"I thank you, sir, for the opportunity you have afforded me," said he; "I believe the wretch will not venture here again."

"I really feel I did wrong in suffering Mr. Supple to depart as I did. You have availed yourself of the desired opportunity, sir, yet I certainly should have accompanied him from hence, had I not forgotten him, in conversation with my friend."

"Then you did not send him out to get a drubbing," replied Singleton. "I was enjoying the idea of your management."

"I regret it has so fallen out, sir. Have you not made yourself liable to further prosecution from a powerful enemy?"

"Not at all; he gave me the lie, and would not recant, for which I pulled his nose;

nose; and, wonderful to relate! it roused his courage; but he had the worst of it. The fellow never used his arm to defend himself before, though I doubt not he has had frequent occasion for an exertion of the kind."

"He is a designing villain, and, I am sorry to say, a successful one."

Our hero was in the act of retiring, as a female issued from the lodge, and hastening to Singleton, took his arm—"What have you been doing, George?" said she. "Why would you degrade yourself by striking that man?"

"How did you hear of it?" said Singleton. "I was rejoicing in your absence."

"Oh! I met the creature. My heart misgave me, and one of the porters told me you had been fighting with a gentleman," and she leaned on her husband, evidently overpowered by her feelings.

Our Englishman regarded the gentle sufferer with deep interest; all the generosity of his nature was awakened. Ample as were

his means, he could not with propriety discharge Singleton from confinement; yet his sympathizing heart traced out a mode of service, which he resolved on adopting, ere he sought his pillow. With that urbanity which distinguished his manner, he entreated Mrs. Singleton to be composed. "There could be no danger in your husband's contest with such a being, my dear madam, though I trust the tender anxiety he now witnesses will save you from a repetition so honourable to yourself, yet truly painful to him."

"My dear Emily," said Singleton, "it was a comic in place of a tragic scene; you would have laughed yourself had you seen us."

"Impossible!" sighed the gentle wife. "You are cruel to say so, George;" and curtseying to our hero, they retired to their apartments.

"Liberty! dear liberty!" sighed Wentworth mentally, as he stepped into the curricle; "what joy to breathe at ease, without

out a dread of oppression from a fellow-being!"—

" 'Tis liberty alone that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science; blinds
The eye-sight of discovery, and begets
In those that suffer it, a sordid mind,
——— a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form."

And with these ideas of an *Englishman's* happiest privilege, our hero drove through the city to make a call on Carberry. He found the merchant at home, and in low spirits, Henry being ordered to Bristol for change of air.

"I came to scold him," said Sidney; "I have addressed him more than once, and had really imagined he would not meet my friendship."

"He does not envy you, Mr. Went-

worth," said Carberry; "but in truth, he was not equal to meeting you, under existing circumstances. I believe he will be happier when your marriage takes place. You know he was attached to Miss Fitzhenry; and though he was satisfied by the candour of that excellent young woman, his feelings are acute, and his health has suffered materially in his endeavour to suppress them."

"Had I known the extent of his interest in this particular, I would certainly have spared him from solicitation. His last note was written under such evident depression of spirits, I was not satisfied with myself for not waiting on him, and called in consequence."

"I shall join him in a week, Mr. Wentworth, when I hope to find change of scene has been beneficial to him. I am glad to see you, however, on another account. Mrs. Marnley was with me this morning; the widow has a grand scheme in agitation. She deputed me to see you,

and

and hint her determination again to become a wife. She seemed much surprised at the diminution her jointure will sustain by a second marriage. One would have imagined she had no *ears,* when the will was read; but I believe, at *that time,* she was all *heart,*" and he looked sagaciously at Sidney. "Be that as it will, she seems to be greatly incensed to find where the money, in such event, will go. How lord Osterly has fallen so much under her displeasure, I know not; but she wished it had been left to endow an hospital, in preference of going to him. Do you know who is her intended?"

Wentworth named Supple as the likely person.

"Is she so absurd, Mr. Wentworth? the woman is mad. I know the fellow. When Durweston first engaged in my office, I received frequent anonymous letters, guarding me against nourishing an immoral man as the companion of my nephew. We knew his connexions, and gave no regard to his

communications. Not satisfied with these assassin-like attacks, he waited on me, and, with the most imposing and plausible manner, took upon him to offer advice. I did not like his flattery; and believing Henry would be glad of an opportunity of proving his friendship, I summoned him from the counting-house. Mr. Supple believed he had converted me, and opened upon my nephew with a flow of eloquence, even more insulting than that he had addressed to me. Henry opened the door, and without noticing the import of his words, ordered him out of the house instantly. Supple would have expostulated, but my nephew followed him down, with a precipitation not to be opposed. Since that I have not heard of him. Can Mrs. Marnley be so lost as to make this fellow her husband?"

"That she intends it, I fear there is no doubt; we must endeavour to prevent it, my good sir. Will you take the trouble to expostulate with her? use my name, and say

say I decline interfering personally, but trust to her discernment, her prudence you might say, not to form a connexion so degrading."

"Then you are afraid of the widow, Mr. Wentworth? Well, I believe you are right. I will go to her, though I avow I do not expect she will relinquish her intention. A determined widow is a very able opponent to an old bachelor; but it is as well *I* should meet her; *you* are better engaged."

Wentworth smiled at the merchant, yet he did not deny he wished to avoid Mrs. Marnley altogether. "Do not mistake me, my dear sir; as a woman, she must ever be indifferent to me; but there is a manner with the lady in question, which leads me to absent myself now, in order to prevent her acquaintance hereafter."

"You are wise, Mr. Wentworth. I understand your motives; your acquaintance will henceforward be select. *Entré nous,*

 do

do you mean to shut out old bachelors? If so, *I* shall be disappointed."

"It is necessary you should announce yourself a bachelor, in order to be known for one. I can answer for more than myself, when I say, to see Mr. Carberry will always give us pleasure. You, my dear sir, have appeared in my eyes a father to the excellent young man, your nephew, who I will yet hope to name amongst my most esteemed friends."

"In time, Mr. Wentworth, I trust you will see Henry himself again. He is an excellent young man; were he my son, I could not love him better."

Our hero left the merchant with increased sentiments of regard; and as he pursued his way, Mrs. Marnley's extraordinary infatuation engrossed his thoughts. Her present income was three thousand per annum; a second marriage would reduce it to half that sum. Allowing the remainder to be an adequate fortune for moderate

happiness,

happiness, the person for whom she made the sacrifice could not, in any way, be deemed worthy. That he had gained her by flattery, he was at no less to understand; and if he thought justly, he might have added, her disappointment in himself, the certainty of his marriage being fixed, made her desperate, and resolved, if possible, to change her name before the nuptials of our Englishman took place. It was to Mr. Marnley's will Wentworth alluded, when he told Osterly, Supple was likely to do him an unintentional service; and sincerely did he rejoice in the changed manner of the peer, as the certainty of his attaining such an increase of fortune became more probable.

"Order is Heaven's first law," says the poet, and it is evident the assertion is just. Passing from the magnificence of the perfect universe, omitting the beauty of vegetable nature, let us contemplate man acting under the influence of order, acquainted with his power to heal, and active to

stand forward as the benefactor of his species. It might be argued, and with some appearance of propriety, that our Englishman's munificence to lord Osterly might have been better bestowed in restoring a family in similar circumstances, assisting the oppressed, in place of the dissipated and thoughtless man. Wentworth *knew* the difficulties into which the peer had fallen; he had discovered in his lordship a strong tendency to reform his life, an awakening mind, from which much was to be expected. To establish a beginning so promising, seemed to Sidney a delightful task, and he undertook it accordingly.

As he alighted in Park-street, and prepared to meet the attorney of lord Osterly, the happy effects of order might have been traced by an observer to the advantage of our hero. The money necessary for the peer's release was at hand. It would not injure Sidney to lie out of the cash; he had no debts; his heart was too tender to be prodigal in a world where so many appeals

peals come home to the feelings of a reflective mind.

As he sat waiting with a lover's impatience the arrival of the lawyer, his thoughts again turned to Singleton. Seizing a pen, he addressed a few lines to Osterly, requesting he would find an opportunity of delivering the inclosed bank-notes to Mr. Singleton. "Spare me," said he, in the close; "my knowledge of the party does not justify such an interference. I rely on your ingenuity to suggest a probable and acceptable mode of conveying them."

This done, and the lawyer being announced, Wentworth dispatched the business; and deputing Mr. Bennet to bear his letter to lord Osterly, with the happy tidings of his liberty, Mr. Bennet departed, and our hero, hastening his toilet, proceeded to Grosvenor-place.

Here he found Amelia engaged with ladies. As he advanced to make his compliments to Mrs. Manderson, he discovered in our heroine's companions the two Miss Hopkinses. Sidney recognised the good girls,

girls, with that kindness which so readily gives ease to the timid mind; and as he took a seat by the fair friends, and inquired after the deputy, Jemima, whose love-sick heart yet suffered under an hopeless passion, in a half-whisper, congratulated Amelia on her approaching happiness. Wentworth half understood her intimation. Addressing Nancy, he related his visit to her uncle, and his regret at the indisposition of Henry Carberry.

"You would not know Henry, Mr. Wentworth; he is quite a shadow. For my part, I really think he is going into a consumption; but we dare not say so before uncle. I believe it would kill him, if Henry was not to recover."

"I did not understand Mr. Carberry was so ill," said Amelia. "I hope he is in no danger?"

"We did not like to tell you," said Jemima; "for every body knows it is on your account."

"Don't say so," replied our heroine, casting a timid glance at Wentworth. "Your

cousin

cousin is a man of sense, one of the most amiable men I know: you are greatly mistaken in your surmise, as Mr. Carberry himself would tell you."

As our Englishman gazed on the features of the fair defender, his heart admitted the belief that no man could see, and not be captivated by her natural beauty. Felton had declared her eyes to be exquisitely lovely; now Wentworth prized her forehead, that open polished brow, where candour seemed to sit enthroned. "It is the whole," sighed he, "the captivating whole; nor is her *chastity* of *dress* a trifling superiority. If perfection of form is an apology for a display of the person, where shall we find one equal to her? I would as soon marry an Opera-dancer, as a woman who yielded her beauties to the gaze of a libertine, on the poor principle of fashion. I am positively disgusted with the hideous *backs* I meet in society; the women are blind, or they would understand 'Time's a tell-tale.' As if a man went into company to

to study anatomy, we give them credit for the charms they conceal," and his stricture, had he had a companion to whom he could have addressed it, would have taken in half a thousand of those indecorums which mark the *present costume* of women.

Wentworth beheld with pleasure that docility of disposition by which Amelia's manner to the Hopkinses was graced. The humility of her mind stood confest, as, at dinner, she reverted to her visit at the deputy's. Fitzhenry seized the moment of explanation to thank them for their kindness, while Mrs. Manderson, with gentle approbation, descanted on the beauty of female sympathy, that sisterly feeling, which is in the power of all, though practised but by few.

If the present was not an highly intellectual meeting, it was not less worthy of regard. The sisters were gratified by their reception. The approval their conduct received from persons so much their superiors, gave a conscious pleasure to their bosoms,

bosoms, which was expressed in simple, though truly pleasing language.

As evening drew in, and they intimated their intention of departing, Amelia requested them to remain a little longer. "The carriage shall set you home, my dear Miss Hopkins; and as I cannot have the pleasure of seeing you again for some months, you must not deny me."

"How happy you will be, Miss Fitzhenry!" said Jemima. "Don't suspect *my* motives, for indeed I rejoice at any thing good which befalls you; but *now*, as you will soon be married, perhaps if cousin Henry should recover, who knows what may happen?"

Amelia was by no means sanguine in the cause of poor Jemima. Nancy looked reprovingly; it would not do.

"I can trust Miss Fitzhenry," resumed the undaunted girl; "she knew I loved Henry, and I am proud to own it. Where is there such a man, excepting Mr. Wentworth? Nancy, you think advice will conquer

quer my love; it never can. I would die to serve Henry, but I will never be the wife of any other man."

"Though I am honoured by your confidence, Miss Jemima," said Amelia, "I must agree with your sister; it is a pity you indulge a preference so prejudicial to your happiness. I know you are amiable, and deserving of a good man; but we, as women, are not expected to stand forward for the love of the other sex. I wish you happy, and for this reason I would persuade you to listen to the man who addresses you, in place of nourishing a regard for one who has not distinguished you."

"Perhaps you are right," said the tearful Jemima; "but indeed it is not in my power to profit by advice now."

Our heroine compassionated the mistaken girl, whose resolute perseverance she foresaw would involve her in unceasing perplexity; for that Carberry could love her, she believed impossible.

"Nancy

"Nancy is very shy, Miss Fitzhenry," resumed Jemima; "she has not told you she is going to be married."

Nancy crimsoned with confusion. "It was not because *I* would not be happy to tell Miss Fitzhenry any thing which I thought could interest her, but I did not think I had any right to introduce the subject unasked."

"I am sincerely glad to hear this, Miss Hopkins; may I express a little womanish curiosity to be informed on this subject?"

"Certainly, ma'am; it is my uncle Carberry's head clerk, a very worthy young man, with good expectations. Indeed, my uncle will give him a share in the house, in the course of a few months. My father approves of him; and, if Jemima would exert herself, I should be more happy; but I am afraid my poor father will be very dull when I leave him."

Our heroine exerted all her eloquence to enforce the propriety and necessity of Jemima's recalling her wandering heart.

"I know

"I know your sister will feel the importance of her situation when you leave her, Miss Hopkins. Reflect, my dear Miss Jemima, on my former situation in life; what would I have given for a parent to whose happiness I could have been considered an essential blessing! I shall have the pleasure of hearing you are the comfort of your good father; and if my opinion, as you have before told me, is of consequence to you, do me the favour of corresponding with me; I shall receive much satisfaction in your letters, and will gladly contribute my part to make the correspondence cheerful."

Jemima promised to avail herself of the permission; and as the carriage was announced, Amelia presented a sealed packet to each of her young friends, and bade them adieu, with cordial wishes for their happiness.

That power which the liberality of Fitzhenry had bestowed on our heroine was not suffered to lie useless; to the Hopkinses

she

she gave gold chains and lockets, with a lock of her hair inclosed; *they* were above pecuniary remuneration. To Old Bevans she gave two hundred pounds, as a resource, should his age, or the quiet which advancing life requires, make servitude irksome. She gave him the means, leaving him free to chuse.

The old soldier received her bounty with lively emotion. "I will never leave my master, Miss Amelia, while I can work," said the old man; "but I take your gift, my dear young lady; perhaps (and the tears ran down his cheeks) it may serve to call my wanderer home. Ah! if I could find her, Miss Amelia; if she would promise to be good, I would place her in some pious family, where she would not be known, and beg her to repent, and not send me to the grave, a despairing old man."

"Whenever we can find your daughter, Bevans, take no thought for her support; I will provide for her; she shall never want the power to be virtuous."

"Thank

"Thank you! thank you!" sobbed the oppressed soldier. "God is just, he has blessed you, and you have a heart to bless all around you."

Nancy Bevans was engaged as the maid of our heroine, and Philip, whose steadiness made him truly valuable, was to be nominated butler, as soon as their establishment was appointed.

To alleviate those miseries which fall under our observation, may deserve praise, but to *seek* occasion to do good, is a lively principle of Christianity. Amelia had felt persecution; she comprehended sorrow, under forms which a less experienced child of mortality could not comprehend. Thus the human countenance became an object of infinite interest to our heroine. Often when, leaning on the arm of Sidney, she walked towards the parks, or in her immediate neighbourhood, would she pause as a pallid face met her eye, a dejected walk, a manner that spoke an abstracted mind. "That is a man in trouble," would she say; "what

"what care in that face! let us speak to them, Wentworth."

That our hero shared her feelings, it were unnecessary to say. They seemed actuated by one soul, and all its purposes were pure. Those distresses which the daily prints proclaimed, never failed to excite her active assistance. Accompanied by Mrs. Manderson, she sought the abode of misery; and though more than once disappointed in the worth of the parties, many were the occasions in which the happiest result attended her sympathizing efforts in the cause of affliction.

To depict human nature under its worst and most degrading ebullitions, is the task of the cynic, who, in his own rugged bosom, nourishes the gloomy passions he would deal out to mankind in general. *I* will never waste the "midnight oil" in lowering poor human nature. That there is light and shade in the human character, *must* be obvious to the meanest capacity; but that there are beings, in whom the gentle affections

affections are happily commingled, who live to virtue, while strangers to ostentation, are facts I could establish, with many an illustration, exceeding even the licence of fiction. I know virtue exists; it is retired; nor could the heart thus nobly impelled bear the praise it deserves.

In giving my heroine those qualities *I* consider so valuable, I feel I am cutting her off from those attributes which should distinguish a modern heroine; fascination, vivacity, deep learning, and half a thousand other items, should mix in the composition of a heroine. An *astonishing* woman may excite amazement; she rarely inspires tenderness or sympathy, even with her admirers. It is the feminine beauties of the mind which are the lasting charms of woman. Let her be gentle, sensible, and engaging, above prejudice, yet alive to the true delicacy of her fame, and though she lack beauty, she is an arbitress where it is honourable to be esteemed. It has been observed, and with much justice, a

compliment

compliment is seldom made but by a sacrifice as its adversary. Thus, while I record Rousseau's remark, I ask pardon of my male readers, if such superior animals ever read novels—

"The first and most important quality in woman is gentleness; formed to obey a being so imperfect as man, often so full of vices, and always so full of faults, she ought to learn early to bear even injuries."

It would be out of nature to pourtray a woman benevolent, just, and generous, without ascribing to these excellencies an innate principle of action. She must be pious; the religion of the heart will necessarily emanate in actions which honour the source. Then gentleness must attach to her character; the turbulent feelings are at variance with my ideas of a dedicated heart. I should as soon expect edification from the untaught savage, as example from the violent and unreflecting woman.

It was on the morning previous to that fixed for the nuptials of our Englishman, sir

sir Charles Felton and captain Lennard were announced in Park-street. Wentworth was at breakfast, his whole mind occupied by Amelia; it was the last solitary meal he should take. He had cast his eye round the room with a sort of microscopic glance. When Amelia returned to London, her correct taste should decorate his dwelling. The happiest cast of countenance animated his features, when his cogitations were disturbed by the entrance of his friends— "Ah, my dear Felton!" said Sidney, meeting the baronet.

Sir Charles held back; distrust sat on his brow: he came to arraign, yet the manner of our hero somewhat repelled his anger.

"Lennard," said Wentworth, taking the hand of the captain, "we understand each other; Felton will do me justice when he is more calm."

"I am calm now; by Heaven, you have not the power to rouse *me!*" said the baronet, while his flushed countenance contradicted the assertion.

"It

"It never occurred to me we should meet but as friends," said Sidney. "I am ready to hear your accusations, if you have any to advance. I own myself wounded by your suspicions, though I cannot understand how my conduct could interfere with your feelings."

"You know I loved Miss Sidney; I made you my confidante, yet in my absence you address her;—nay, she is to be your wife to-morrow."

"And what is there wrong in this, sir Charles? I allow you honoured me by your confidence. You said you loved Miss Fitzhenry; you made her a noble and disinterested offer. Need I say more? did you not relate the result to me? Was I to forego the purpose of my heart, because she did not return your passion? you cannot be serious. I should grieve to see the man I esteem so untrue to himself. Remember, I never breathed a wish that could damp your hopes, while your proposals were in agitation; yet I might have told

told you, and with truth, she had won my heart, even at that period. If, after this avowal, you persist in thinking me a traitor, I may lament your error, but shall feel perfectly satisfied with myself."

"Wentworth is justified in all he says," observed Lennard. "Come, let us go, sir Charles; you will be glad to forget this rencounter to-morrow."

"Sidney," said sir Charles, extending his hand, "forgive me. I doubted, because I have not yet learned to think of your mistress with indifference. We arrived only last night; the first news I learned was your intended marriage. It fell on my heart with a pang I could not describe, and I sought you this morning, resolved on breaking with you for ever. It is past; I cannot stay to witness your happiness, but I will see you ere long. You will admit me?"

"With pleasure, dear Felton. Now I recognise my friend. Join us at Adderfield; you will find a welcome; nay, I might pro-

mise you a balm for your wound, if you are not resolved on misery."

Sir Charles would not hear of happiness; he would endeavour to be content.

"And a very pretty foundation for happiness is this said content," replied Lennard. "On my honour, Felton, you need say nothing of our recent trip; it is evident you are warm from the Island of Saints. Was ever poor devil so ill used as I am? Not a word is addressed to me; my hopes and wishes are as nothing, weighed against a disappointment which should excite your gratitude. I can pardon Wentworth, who at this moment looks ready to show us the door; but for you there is no apology."

"Have you heard from Westbourne lately?" asked Sidney.

"Thanks to my Anna, she spares me the necessity of seeking consolation in a *fracas* with my friends. Yes, I heard from her yesterday; a letter waited my arrival. You have heard of lord Arlingham's intended

 marriage.

marriage. I rejoice in his folly; nothing could happen more propitious to my wishes. Anna will reside with lady Morbury, and if the earl thus forces her to quit his roof, I trust she will not long oppose the happiness of one whose life is only valuable as she blesses it."

"I will push off for Westbourne to-morrow," resumed sir Charles; "I shall find amusement in quizzing my uncle. A little flirtation with his intended would be pleasant enough just now."

Wentworth laughed at the resource of the baronet; yet he considered the earl deserving of ridicule. "Lennard, you have a conscience," said our hero. "I must be ingenuous; I am engaged to meet my father at twelve—will you excuse me?"

The friends took the hint, and our Englishman departed for Grosvenor-square. There he found his father happily busy in arranging a jewel-box of immense value. Wentworth beheld the splendid gift with grateful delight. It was not the value

of

of the thing, but the distinction his Amelia was to receive at the hands of *his* father. "My dear sir," said Sidney, examining the various baubles, "this is most flattering to my love. I cannot tell you all I feel, in seeing you thus interested for my Amelia."

"She will be my daughter in a few hours, Sidney," said the baronet. "I look forward to the moment which gives her my name, as the proudest period of my life. That I love her as a child, I need not say; may my future days prove a propitiation for my former neglect!"

"Why will you revert to the past, my dear father? it was an error of temper; we are all fallible; perfection pertains not to man."

Sir Ormsby shook his head—he wooed the voice of comfort, yet could not feel entirely reconciled with himself.

Sir George and lady Beverly made their appearance. While they mutually descanted on the elegance of the jewel-casket, each declared the destined wearer, by na-

ture and education, the most amiable and engaging of her sex.

"She will become these," said Grace, pointing to a set of pearls; "yet her simple mode of dress is not calculated to show off such ornaments. She is not, by any means, fashionable in her evening appearance. Is it by your desire, Sidney, she is thus singular?"

"You are quizzing, Grace. Do you imagine I could presume in such a point? or had she been one of our modern exhibitionists, I could have loved her? No, I confess the fact; your sex are too prodigal by half. I dare not go into particulars with you, yet I will venture to say, the female figure is now quite out of proportion. Those cases in which they confine their forms, are odious; there is no variation in the shape. It is only necessary to observe the now prevalent mode of walking, and the absurdity of the adoption stands confest. We are at this time addicted to Spanish introductions. The ladies seem disposed

disposed to adopt the dress of that nation; they would do well to imitate their walk, which, it is certain, could not be so graceful, were they laced into these injurious, not to say hideous, *corsets.*"

"We shall be Grecian figures ere long, Sidney. The ——, whose taste was never questioned, is no friend to skeletons. If it were not censorious, I could make you laugh, Wentworth; but you will make your own observations; *some* of our acquaintance are growing into beauty rapidly."

Wentworth would interpret for himself, and turning the *gaieté* of his cousin to his own purpose, he damped the eloquence of the lively lady Beverly, and caused sir George to unite in his raillery.

Sir Ormsby took part with his niece, and as he folded his arm round the abashed Grace, "We will laugh in our turn," said he; "these young men cannot bear honours with temperance."

"My sweet girl," said Sidney, stealing a

kiss from the cheek of his cousin, "never did you appear so interesting in my eyes. Really your remark was too applicable to escape my notice, yet I knew to what you alluded—'the fattening system.' Weybridge entertained me with his pleasant raillery on that subject; his satire is fair. You forgive me, Grace?"

"Indeed I don't know, Sidney," replied lady Beverly; "such presumption in a bachelor is impertinent."

"This is the last day I shall bear the appellation," said Wentworth. "I am too happy to be correct. Shall I order the horses, or will you prefer the curricle?" addressing his father.

"I will ride, Sidney," said the baronet; "the horses can follow us to Grosvenor-place;" and taking the arm of our hero, they crossed towards the park, as a nearer direction.

As they reached the carriage-way which leads to Piccadilly gate, their progress was arrested by a barouche and four, driving with

with great velocity. Sidney cast his eye towards the carriage, when, to his surprise, Mrs. Marnley and Supple were the occupants. She leaned forward for a moment, then threw herself back in the carriage, and was in a few minutes out of sight.

"She is married," said Sidney; "I am persuaded she has thrown herself away."

"No matter," said sir Ormsby; "she is not a girl. It is an act of desperation; she will have leisure to reflect on her folly."

"I must feel sorry, my dear sir. Her imprudence is obvious; yet she cannot comprehend the villainy of the man she has thus distinguished. I wish I had seen her; it is too late, I fear."

Though the baronet could not understand the nature of our hero's interest in the fate of the widow, Sidney would not have deserved the encomiums we have bestowed upon him, had he not felt, as he really did, sensible pain for her thoughtless decision.

The smile of Amelia, as he entered the

drawing-room, banished his regrets for a time; yet her spirits were not good. She could not behold the real depression of Fitzhenry without sympathizing in his feelings. Mrs. Manderson was more composed. She exerted herself to raise the colonel. The event to her appeared so truly fortunate; the happy improvement it had produced in sir Ormsby, was an advantage so soothing to her moral principles, she could not forbear enlarging on the blissful coincidence. Even Durweston yielded to the claims of friendship, and seemed to forget his own misery in contemplating the happiness of our hero.

Sir Ormsby and his son took leave for a few hours, some essential business with their lawyer requiring their presence—nay, the licence was to be bought—for our Englishman would not give his vows in a *house*, while a consecrated *church* stood open to receive them. "No," said Sidney, "the God who ordained the holy ordinance hath appointed a place for its performance.

There

There is a solemnity in approaching the sacred altar, which must impress the mind with just ideas of its sanctity." As such, the ceremony was to be performed at St. George's, Hanover-square.

Fitzhenry received the select friends of the mutual families in the evening. Extensive plans of social happiness were suggested by each of the attached party.

"Adderfield will once more be a scene of chastened gaiety," said sir Ormsby; "we shall follow you, Sidney, in a week. How will my good friend, lady Layton, rejoice in my happiness! I long to tell her all I feel for my children."

"You must forgive me, sir," said Sidney, "when I explain what I have done without your concurrence. 'Comfort' has been termed a pure English word, scarcely to be comprehended by any than an Englishman; now there is another word which has always clung to my heart with irresistible force; I mean the word '*home.*' To me, it seems to comprise all that is valu-

able

able in life; and under this impression, I gave orders, some weeks since, to have Wentworth Lodge fitted up for our reception. We shall be close to you, my father, and I trust you will see the matter in a just point of view."

"You have disappointed me, Sidney; yet I have no right to oppose you in this particular. I was certainly indulging in the idea of attaining in my daughter a directress for my household—so you would not be indebted to your father for a home, sir? your's is a proud heart, Sidney; yet, perhaps, your resolution is just."

Wentworth justified his conduct by arguments unanswerable. "A cabin, which I could call my own, would be preferable to a palace in which I was sheltered, allowing that, with such a father, I could not feel myself obliged. Yet is there a charm so indefinable in possessing a roof of one's own, I could not know content but in feeling myself the owner of one."

"I agree with you, Sid," said lady Beverly;

verly; "and what a delightful spot you have chosen! I remember you used to admire the Lodge, and were at some pains to cultivate the grounds: but, tell me, who has superintended your plans? could you rely on the taste of your tradespeople?"

"I was not so destitute of friends, Grace. Lady Layton has been my factotum; we have corresponded on the subject; and her letter of this day assures me it is in perfect order, ready to receive a mistress."

"How sly of my aunt! She never breathed a word to us," replied lady Beverly. "I can imagine how delighted she has been with her appointment. Her taste is excellent; you will find it quite a little Eden."

"It will be a paradise to me," resumed Wentworth; "and when I reflect how conveniently it is situated, how my friends will be drawn within a walk of my dwelling, I have no wish beyond its sphere; and shall sit down content to cherish the good Providence has so graciously bestowed upon me."

Our heroine was not equal to conversation, though every word of our Englishman gratified her attached heart. *She* had been apprised of his arrangement, and to her it was truly satisfactory; for however the affection of her new relatives might claim her gratitude, she was of Sidney's opinion—a *distinct home* was essential to their lasting happiness.

Appointing an hour for their meeting on the ensuing morning, Wentworth and his party withdrew.

As it is an Englishman whose character I have been endeavouring to pourtray, we will follow him, in place of speaking of his intended bride. Sidney summoned his servants to the library, and selecting those he wished to retain in his service, he gave directions for their departure at an early hour next morning, while to those he dismissed an increase of wages was given, with leave to remain in his house until they attained situations. A pensioner of Amelia's was placed in charge of the house

during

during their residence in the country. This done, he indulged in reflections on his past life. His recriminations were few; of Mrs. Marnley he thought with less satisfaction than on any event of his life. The crime he had escaped was not sufficient; his own *intentions* stood in array to damp his impartial scrutiny. "Yet she was not her own guardian, or I could not have injured her in thought," sighed he. "Woman! woman! resistless enemies to yourselves, why will you tempt the seducers' arts! Thank Heaven, I am spared remorse! Only one woman, the seductive Clara, can question my bosom's purity;" and taking his taper he retired to his chamber, less criminal in his own eyes than his first reflections led him to believe himself.

When a man commits his thoughts to paper, he is scrupulous with regard to the language he uses; he studies his expressions, observes his punctuation, and is tenacious of his classical proprieties: how different

different are his feelings when he pours out his soul to his Maker! when he "communes with his own heart in his chamber!" Here, it is not the eloquence, but the *sincerity* of his voluntary offering which exalts him; and though his repetitions should be frequent, his language simple, the Being to whom it is addressed will not turn from the genuine appeal. "The rock of ages" is man's refuge in the hour of woe; and shall he, when flowers are strewed in his path, when peace blooms around him, shall he not feel the divine impulse of gratitude; be awake to the gracious interposition of Providence; nor feel that happiness is perishable, may fade, even while he believes himself secure? Such may be the contracted views of the thoughtless. With such beings, reflection or humiliation are superfluous exercises of reason; I speak of the hero of my tale; a believer; one whose faith led him to hope as a Christian, while, as a son of earth, he

felt

felt he was the tenant of a day, destined to die, and consequently accountable for his actions.

We have delineated our hero as a friend, a son, a lover; I am not conscious of ascribing to him qualities beyond the reach of any man, blessed with his means to be serviceable. If the independant man cannot find opportunities for benevolence, where should we expect to find the gracious emanation? *He* was reflective; his mind was not subject to prejudice. If man is a lord of the creation, he is still an animal whose purposes are bounded; he cannot pass the "insuperable line." It is in the simple efforts of man's reason he is most exalted. It requires not the science of the philosopher to teach him his moral duties; the path lies before him, and it is pleasant. Would that the passengers were more numerous! It is a path

> "The good, untaught, will find;
> Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
> But looks from nature up to nature's God;

Pursues

Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above and some below;
Learns from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end in *love of God*, and *love of Man*."

CHAP. III.

"But when thou findest sensibility of heart joined with softness of manners, an accomplished mind with a form agreeable to thy fancy, take her home to thy house; she is worthy to be thy friend, thy companion in life, the wife of thy bosom."

EVERY man who marries, uninfluenced by interested motives, *believes* he has attained the woman my quotation describes, at least she is his choice; and, if he nourishes the gracious preference, happiness is in his grasp. That Wentworth was a convert to its import, cannot be doubted; distinguished as he was by the favour of woman, possessed of fortune equal to the most exalted alliance, his was the preference which gave distinction to the selected object; while the

the purity of *his* passion forcibly impressed his conduct with that liberality alone to be discovered in superior minds.

I pass over the settlements which Fitzhenry and our hero arranged; they were more than Sidney wished or required; but the colonel was obstinate. The child of his affections should be dignified by his bounty; he would give her power, for she was worthy of trust. Thus Sidney acquired, with the object of his love, a fortune of considerable consequence.

It was on the return of our Englishman from church, where the vows of his Amelia had been registered, that lady John Nugent, to divert the colonel, took up the morning paper just laid on a side-table— "Listen, my dear sir," said her ladyship; "only observe the dispatch of these widows."

"Yesterday was married, at St. George's, Hanover-square, John Supple, Esq. to Clara, widow of the late Honourable Edward

ward Marnley, of Marnley, in Somersetshire, a lady endowed with every charm of mind and person."

"She was resolved on reaching the goal first," said lord John. "I admire her spirit. Wentworth, what say you?"

"I deplore her folly, my lord; she will be wretched."

"What a churl you are, Wentworth!" resumed lady John; "because the poor woman would not pine away in secret, and give you the triumph of killing her, she must be wretched?"

"Think of the man, lady John; I can smile at your mistake respecting myself, while I confess I am truly sorry for Mrs. Marnley."

"You are a good soul, Sidney," continued her ladyship; "though I much doubt if, at this moment, you would not look down with *pity* upon mankind in general."

Wentworth bowed to the compliment, and as the travelling-carriage was announced

ced, he led his Amelia to her respective friends.

All the gaiety of lady John fled, as she beheld the agitation of Fitzhenry. "Heaven bless the dear girl!" said she; "let her go, colonel; we are distressing her."

The colonel resigned her to our Englishman, and supported by sir Ormsby and his son, she was conducted to the carriage.

"My dear sir Ormsby," resumed lady John, as the baronet leaned over the balcony to catch a last glimpse of the carriage, "I shall set this day down in my red letter-book. Never was there an union of more promise; it would have been sacrilege to have divided hearts so formed to constitute each other's happiness."

"It is true; perfectly just. My daughter is the loveliest woman I ever beheld."

"The handsomest pair, you might say, sir Ormsby," interrupted Durweston.—"Wentworth is not less perfect in mind than person. I have often regarded him with admiration;

admiration; he answers my idea of manly beauty."

"He is the first of men," said Mrs. Manderson, while tears rolled down her cheeks: "but are we not wrong in suffering gloom to find entrance at such a season as this? My dear lady Beverly, do give an example to our friends."

Grace exerted herself to effect the wishes of Mrs. Manderson; and, after a few hours of desultory conversation, the party separated till dinner. As had been arranged, sir George Beverly entertained them during the rest of the day.

It would seem that joy was an enemy to cheerfulness in some cases. I believe my delineation to be just; there are feelings which impress the heart with gratitude, yet forbid a *lively* illustration of its conception. Joy made perfect, and in perspective, are very distinct emotions; the first, though our ardent wish, elicits only our silent eloquence, while the latter exhilarates and unchains the tongue, and teaches even the

 unlettered

unlettered mind to express itself worthily.

I have before stated, Fitzhenry addressed lady Tadcaster on the subject of lady Charlotte's reported marriage with lord Arlingham; his interference drew him into a correspondence, from which he could not withdraw himself. Lady Tadcaster defended her plan, by opposing the ancient dignity of the earl's family, his munificent offers of settlement, &c. &c. She believed a similarity of years by no means essential in married life; and while she more than hinted the matter was fixed, she requested to be honoured by the opinion of the colonel.

Fitzhenry reprobated the union *in toto*; general Dalton would never forgive her, if she gave his daughter in marriage before he arrived; and believing the fact might retard her purpose, he declared the general was on his passage home.

This news had a contrary effect on the wary speculator; her purse was low, and

lady

lady Charlotte a child; she saw extensive advantages in the match; and hurrying the preparations, Fitzhenry was mortified by receiving a letter from her ladyship, two days after our heroine's departure, announcing lady Charlotte the wife of lord Arlingham. Disgusted by the art of the bold trafficker, he forbore to reply; but in his zeal for the remaining victim, he addressed lady Maria, beseeching her not to form any engagement until her father arrived. Nor did he omit to name our heroine, as warmly attached to the sweet girl, and ready to show her every attention in her power. He did this, to prepare the inexperienced girl to seek an asylum with Amelia, should her aunt render her home uncomfortable.

Durweston, whose society was now more than ever essential to the colonel, devoted himself entirely to his comfort. Mrs. Manderson beheld, with conscious delight, the tranquillity of her nephew, whose well-turned mind led him to forego his own re-

tired habits, in order to cheer the spirits of Fitzhenry. Captain Lennard was introduced in Grosvenor-place by sir George Beverly; nor was it many days ere lord Osterly sought an audience of the colonel.

Fitzhenry received the overture with coolness; he could not forget the insult offered to his Amelia. The peer, however, came to make his apology; and before they parted, the colonel was well-disposed to acquit him of more than submission to his vile tutor. While he made this allowance, the weakness of my lord did not escape his reproof. "I forgive you, lord Osterly," said the colonel; "your concession is honourable to you; but allow me to say, though a soldier, of all men, is best acquainted with subordination, we are strangers to that pliability which sacrifices the *principles* to the dictation of any man. You are young, my lord; much is in your power. I trust you will become a true agent to yourself."

"There was a time, colonel Fitzhenry, when

when I should have flown off from your just reproof," resumed the peer. "It is the nature of error to attempt to justify itself. I will not avail myself of the subterfuge; I feel humbled by your censure; but I am resolved on deserving your good opinion;" and with a countenance in which sensibility was evident, he withdrew.

Fortune seemed disposed to aid the new purposes of lord Osterly. He again made his calls at lord John Nugent's. The mild character of lord John was well suited to establish the good beginning; and as the lively lady Nugent contemplated the amended principles of the young lord, she was inclined to believe the time would arrive when he would be *more* than an acquaintance; for it was too obvious Fanny Beverly engaged the thoughts of lord Osterly. He was ever seeking occasion to speak of her; yet with so much deference and regard, as left little doubt of his stability.

The marriage of Mrs. Marnley, as has

been observed, gave his lordship an increase of fortune, most fortuitous at this period of his life; and, as if the good example of Wentworth was in all respects to be advantageous to the peer, he instantly put his affairs *en train*. His house was sold, all his carriages laid down, reserving only two horses for himself and groom; his residence was fixed in Albany. He bore even the sneers of his former associates; nor was rouzed to anger when his *morality* was made the subject of derision—a better proof of his sincerity than could have been expected from a man so long habituated to consider virtue a disgrace.

While the elevation of our heroine excited a degree of malice proportioned to the superiority of the man who had distinguished her, the fair object of their remembrance, blessed in the society of our Englishman, gave not a thought to the gay world. The *home* of which she was now the mistress well justified the description of lady Beverly; it was rather a comfortable,

than

than a magnificent abode; while the excellent lady Layton and her nieces gave additional charms to their happy retirement, by their intellectual and valuable friendship. The good doctor Firmor became a daily visitor, that cheerfulness which *true* piety inspires, giving to his graceful eloquence all the attributes of a Christian. Grave when occasion required, temperately cheerful when its animating beam claimed his smile, he was, in every sense of the word, the "shepherd of his fold," beloved and trusted by all—the treasurer of their faults, not less than the agent of their happiness. The doubting sinner went comforted from his presence; he bade all to *hope*, lest despair in themselves should retard their return to virtue.

"Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The rev'rend champion stood; at his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise."

 Would

Would that such a champion had fallen in the path of the wanderer we are about to name!

Fitzhenry and his family were apprized by our Englishman, that the house fixed on for his residence was ready to receive them. The colonel gave instant orders for their removal; his heart languished to be near his treasure. Sir Ormsby, with that busy zeal usual with age, resolved on leaving London at the same time. Sir George and his fair wife united in the plan; all happy and anxious to introduce the colonel and his family into the circle of Adderfield.

The morning previous to their removal, lord Osterly paid his respects in Grosvenor-place. He had chatted for some time, when a hackney-coach moving slowly down the road, accompanied by a mob of idlers, drew his lordship and Fitzhenry to regard the procession. The coach stopped, and some one from within called loudly for a glass of water. My lord fled down stairs, and

and meeting Bevans in the hall, requested a glass of water. The old soldier, always averse to the sight of the peer, turned reluctantly to obey his request. Osterly pushed by him, and entering the dining-parlour, procured the water, and hastened to present it to the person who required it. The woman received it without speaking, and turning to the object of her solicitude, administered the reviving beverage.

"Can you think of any thing else that would be serviceable?" asked the peer.

"No, thank you, sir," said the woman; "she is dying. I know she is dying."

Lord Osterly opened the door. Conceive his feelings, reader, when the wretched Maria Bevans caught his eye!

"God of mercy!" said my lord, jumping into the coach, "is she dying? Where are you going to take her?"

"To the hospital, a few doors lower down," said the woman.

"She shall not go there," exclaimed he; and striking his forehead with vehemence,

he seemed for a moment deprived of utterance.

"Oh, my poor father!" sighed the dying woman.

My lord was rouzed to despair. Could he call the parent to the child *he* had upheld in guilt?

From this dilemma his active humanity (as witnessed by Fitzhenry from the window) spared him. The colonel approached the carriage. "What is the matter, my lord?" said he. "Mrs. Manderson thinks the women might be serviceable; shall I send them?"

"Where is she?" said the sufferer. "Tell her to come and bless me."

The colonel started. "What is this, Osterly? Do you know what she means?"

"Is it indeed lord Osterly?" said the lost Maria, turning her hollow eyes on the peer.

My lord wept like an infant, and supporting the wretched girl in his arms, "Request Mrs. Manderson's advice, colonel,"

said

said he; "tell her it is Maria Bevans who begs to see her."

The colonel returned to the house. In a few minutes the venerable matron appeared. "Merciful Heaven!" said the agitated woman, "is this the child I reared?" and as she gazed on the pallid countenance of the sufferer, she believed a few hours would end her life.

Maria extended her hand towards Mrs. Manderson.

The venerable woman took both her hands—"May God look with compassion on your errors, my poor child!" said she. "May you be received into his everlasting kingdom!" The fading penitent appeared comforted by the pious intercession of her early friend.

The evident anguish of lord Osterly forbade even a reproving look from Mrs. Manderson. "She must be carried into the house, my lord," said she; "but there is an arrangement I need not explain to you. Tell the colonel to engage Bevans, while

we convey her to an apartment," she whispered.

My lord hastened to obey her commands; and in a little time the wretched Maria was conveyed to an apartment of one of the servants.

Though a portion of guilt attached to the character of lord Osterly, with regard to Maria Bevans, the crime of *seduction* was not his, nor had he left her voluntarily—*she* deserted him; yet were his feelings poignant. The sight of so young a woman, reduced to the most abject of all situations, her person debilitated, and sinking under the effects of her criminality, wrung his heart even to agony.

"Had I made a provision for her," sighed he, "would she have turned from vice? Wentworth advised me to do so; why was not I earlier sensible of the value of his godlike friendship! She left *me*—I did not abandon *her*; yet I should not have lost sight of her altogether;" and while he actually dreaded to encounter old Bevans,

vans, he could not bring himself to quit the house.

The colonel, who was a stranger to previous circumstances, required the particulars of my lord.

The humiliation to which this request subjected the peer was keenly felt; yet he did not withhold one circumstance which could soften his conduct.

"Your confession, my lord, is ingenuous," said Fitzhenry; "I compassionate your present feelings; they are honourable to you as a man; and what a lesson is this incident to all young men, whose disregard of moral appearances leads them into similar misery! I fear the lost girl has been greatly erring; nay, your narration proves she was placed in your way by that demon Supple; it is a trivial apology for you; yet it is probable *she* might never have been the object of your transient regard, had you been less the slave of that vile man. Think what it would have spared you."

"It will not bear reflection, colonel, though

though it must prove a warning of the most serious kind;" and leaning his head on the sofa, he sat silent and oppressed, even to tears.

The entrance of Mrs. Manderson rouzed him.

"How is she, my dear madam? will she live?"

"There is no chance, I fear, my lord. I have been inquiring of her companion (whom I have just dismissed), what she knew of her. Her account was truly distressing. She tells me, three months since, she was protected by an officer living in great splendour. He was ordered abroad, and his establishment broke up, when he left her without making any provision for her future subsistence."

Lord Osterly groaned internally.

"After this, her life became a precarious course of disgrace; her personal attractions yielded to her mode of existence; and she who had been an object of admiration, became subject to the scorn and derision

of

of the vicious. In returning from the theatre a few weeks since, she fell under the displeasure of some of her own sex, and in avoiding their violence, received a blow on her head, which deprived her of sense. She was unconscious of her situation, until found by a watchman. She was called to give an account of herself. She had no settled home, and would have been sent to a watch-house, had not the humanity of a market-woman saved her. She took her to her poor habitation, and nursed her till able to walk, when by accident she met the woman you saw with her in the coach. It seems this person had been one of her servants, while under the protection of the officer I before mentioned, and has repaid the former munificence of her thoughtless mistress, by giving her a shelter, and attending her through her sufferings. Seeing no hope of her recovery, and convinced she required assistance *she* was unable to attain, she was conveying her to the hospital contiguous, when your humane

humane interference rescued her from the misery of dying without the forgiveness of her *honest* and valuable father."

"Has Bevans seen her?" asked Fitzhenry.

"He has, my dear sir. It is evident to me life is ebbing fast. I thought there was no time to lose, and having prepared the poor old man for the meeting, I led him to her. My lord," continued Mrs. Manderson, "I sympathize in your present feelings, and I find satisfaction in the communication I am able to make to you. The poor penitent exonerates you from the cruelty of deserting her; she confesses you were ever kind and generous to her; but she adds, what should make you tenacious in your future friendships, she believes herself to have been *sold* to her late protector, by that vile man Supple; she even considers her conduct towards you reprehensible; while she declares her connection with yourself was entirely planned by the same man."

"I knew

"I knew this, yet was I content to yield my principles to an intrigue so odious," replied Osterly; "though I certainly did not imagine *he* had any hand in taking her from me."

"It would be impossible to fathom the character of that miscreant," said Fitzhenry. "With such proofs of his villainy, my lord, I will trust to your future discretion."

"You may safely do so, my dear sir," replied the peer; "such impositions are the most degrading reflections a man can experience. I should like," continued he, "if the old man would allow it, I should feel more happy to receive her forgiveness," and he attempted not to hide the tear which rose in his eye.

"He cannot refuse a request so reasonable, my lord. I will see him, and report your request," said Mrs. Manderson; and quitting the room, my lord waited her return with evident anxiety.

"Follow me, my lord," said the gentle mediator, throwing the door open.

My

My lord attended her summons, and as, with cautious steps, he entered the chamber of the dying penitent, a stranger would have imagined he was approaching the couch of a virtuous, in place of an erring woman—so true it is, affliction and contrition lowers distinctions, and teaches the mind capable of pity to consider the immortal part only.

Who that had seen the so-lately-erring Osterly cast himself on his knees by the side of his dying mistress, and beseech her to forgive him his share of her guilt, had heard him pray fervently for her eternal happiness, would not have honoured him in his humility?

"*You* never deceived me," said the weeping Maria; "I was the guilty one."

Old Bevans released the hand of his child, as she made an effort to give it to my lord.

"Be happy," said she; "think only of virtuous women."

Lord Osterly bathed her trembling hands with tears. "Thank you, thank you, Maria!

ria! I will obey you," and rushing from the room, he waited not to see Fitzhenry, but retired with a distressed, though amended heart.

Though the penitence of his child gave the old soldier all the comfort her hopeless situation could afford, her repeated and half-uttered recriminations proved her more guilty than he had considered her. She spoke of her sister, of Philip; her lips ejaculated blessings on their dutiful loves, but her strength was evidently yielding.

Mrs. Manderson read by her; the old soldier, prostrate by her side, making the responses, with a fervent yet tremulous voice; the countenance of the sufferer changed; a faint smile glanced over her features. "He will hear me through you," sighed she, turning her dying eyes on Mrs. Manderson. In a few moments, her attempts to articulate were fruitless; her breath grew shorter; the hand of her father fell from her nerveless grasp; she was gone for ever!

"My

"My poor, poor girl!" sobbed the wretched father, pressing the lifeless form to his heart. "Speak to me once more, Maria; one word to your father, Maria!"

Mrs. Manderson reasoned with her faithful servant; and as she pointed out the kind disposition of Providence, in bringing his child to die in his presence, where her penitence could be heard, and his forgiveness and blessing attained, conviction fell on his bosom.

"I will be resigned, madam—I ought to be so; but to part so soon, it is that which grieves me. Was she fit to die? may I hope?"

"We are bid to hope, my good Bevans," replied the compassionate mistress. "Come with me, and we will seek consolation from that volume whence true comfort is to be found;" and leading the old man from the chamber of death, she not only pointed out the many soothing records of eternal mercy, but dwelt on the passages, with a zeal and discrimination

well

well calculated to give peace to a mind well disposed, though inferior in discernment.

Bevans, at his own solicitation, remained in London until his child was consigned to the grave. The united families, as before determined, quitted the metropolis next morning.

As the afflicting tale was related to sir Ormsby and his niece, their interest was considerably excited. Each pitied the father, lamented the errors of the child, but were unanimous in giving credit to lord Osterly for the simplicity of his concessions.

" Not a being dies in vain," said sir Ormsby ; " death to such a woman, whose sincere penitence we cannot doubt, is a blessing ; and I am persuaded such an end will impress one thoughtless young man with reflections, which will remain with him through life."

" Indeed I [illegible]n sanguine on this head," [illegible]erson. " I never beheld

a manner

a manner more sincere or consistent than my lord's: but had he not previously listened to your excellent son, sir Ormsby, been convinced of the fallacy of his former habits in life, we should not, as now, have considered lord Osterly worthy of such commendation."

"Sidney's is a pure mind," said lady Beverly. "I am proud of my cousin; he could not associate with any than correct society; and, between ourselves, he has been exposed to a thousand dangers, which it had never entered my imagination to comprehend. George has been my informer. I really wonder at his firmness; but it is like him; he was always steady in his opinions in serious matters, though the gentlest creature in existence in trifles."

"He never caused me a sigh," said the baronet, "though I own I have blushed in his presence, when my untutored temper has led me into warmth of expression; yet he spared me the humilia[illegible] of believing he considered me wron[illegible]

gations of no common kind. He is the best of sons!"

It was late in the evening when our travellers reached Adderfield. The carriages took the road to Adderfield avenue. "Shall we turn to the Lodge, Grace?" said sir Ormsby.

"I think we may venture to your house, my dear sir; we shall find Sidney and Amelia there."

Even as her ladyship suggested, our Englishman and his Amelia met them in the hall.

"My children," said the baronet, as he folded them alternately to his bosom, "your father is blessed;" and leading the way to that room in which Durweston first met sir Ormsby, they sat down to a late tea.

Fitzhenry, sir George, and Durweston, arrived soon after. As sir Ormsby welcomed the colonel to Adderfield, and resigned him a seat next Amelia, memory helped the baronet to a revision of Edward's former entrance into that apartment.

ment. "Durweston," said he, taking the hand of his now-esteemed friend, "have you forgotten our *last* meeting here?"

"You will not let me be happy, my dear sir. Can I think of any thing than the value of your esteem?"

"You are all too lenient, infinitely too lenient, Durweston; but I am a grateful, a very happy old man."

If in the manner of their host any distinction could be traced, it was in the notice he bestowed upon Durweston; it seemed as if his restored tranquillity was entirely the work of Edward; and indeed, had not despair urged that young man to seek the protection of sir Ormsby Wentworth for Amelia, the present happy situation of affairs would never have been effected.

The colonel and his little family remained at Adderfield that night, our Englishman and his Amelia retiring at a late hour.

It was now all the active purposes of the several parties were put into execution.

Fitzhenry

Fitzhenry removed to his destined habitation, and Durweston betook himself to a small farm contiguous, Mrs. Manderson and Charles accompanying him.

The good taste of the young farmer soon began to show itself; and as Sidney, with his loved companion, would watch the active exertions of their friend, behold him acquiring composure in an employment he really preferred, their happiness was, if possible, increased.

Fitzhenry, who possessed all the resources of an informed mind, soon learned to value the bliss within his reach. In visits to his Amelia, in the society of sir Ormsby and his family, there was ample scope for a social heart; and as he sat down in his own dwelling, and contemplated the scene around him, his gratitude was unfeigned.

To lady Layton and her nieces, the select society added to their neighbourhood was fully estimated. Fanny was gay as ever; while Louisa, whose disappointed heart had not yet perhaps recovered its tranquillity,

 was

was chastely guarded in her manner; nor
was it long ere her irresistible sweetness of
character enjoyed the affectionate friend-
ship of Amelia. Nancy and Philip had
wept the errors of the poor Maria; and
welcomed the good old soldier, whose ar
rival at the farm was duly announced to
them. Time, that physician to affliction
stemmed the sorrow of old Bevans, who
now united with his mistress in believing
"whatever is, is right."

It was nearly a month after the marriag
of our Englishman, that a letter from th
elder Carberry was delivered to him.
contained an enclosure for Mrs. Mande
son, which, dispatching to the farm, ou
hero sat down to peruse that addressed
him.

Its contents were, in many respec
gratifying. The amended health of Hen
was announced with filial tenderness. I
had returned from Bristol, and, agreeab
to the wish of Sidney, meant shortly to
pay his respects at the Lodge. It named
Mrs.

Mrs. Supple and her husband as immersed in dissipation at Brighton, whither she had thought proper to transport her *cara sposa*, till the notoriety of the match was forgotten. "Tell Mrs. Wentworth," continued the merchant, "my niece, whom her kindness so highly distinguished, is married to a young man of worth, one I have reared from infancy. The infatuated mother of the poor girls has entirely abandoned her family, and lives openly with her hypocritical betrayer. I believe the enclosed letter refers to Durweston's wife. That worthy young man will, I trust, yet be happy."

As Wentworth submitted Carberry's letter to Amelia, and waited her remarks, he sat contemplating her features, with an interest truly unfashionable in a *married man*.

"I wish——," said Amelia, and she hesitated.

"What is it you wish, [illegible]melia? Tell me, my love."

"You will say [illegible] a match-maker," she

she resumed; "but really Louisa Beverly would make a charming wife for Carberry; would they reject a mercantile connexion?"

"Carberry would do credit to any family, Amelia. The Beverlys are superior girls; shall we bring them together occasionally?"

"Really I should rejoice to see Carberry happy, he is so truly amiable."

"Then happiness, according to your idea, Amelia, is only to be found in wedded life. Say, is that your meaning?"

"I did not say exactly that, Sidney; but you will always lead me into scrapes," and turning from his saucy smile, she would have fled.

"You go not yet, my artless little advocate," continued Sidney, folding his arms round his blushing bride; "this is the moment for confession. Now tell me, Amelia, when d[illegible] you first distinguish me by the preferen[illegible]f this dear heart?"

"I cannot tel[illegible]d I cannot tell you."

"Then

"Then you are my prisoner, till memory releases you."

"This is a husband's authority, I suppose," said the fair prisoner, with a smile. "Ah, Sidney, you are vain; and if my weakness can increase your vanity, I ought to withhold it from you."

"Call it love, Amelia; it is not vanity."

"Then I must obey. Wentworth, you were dear to my heart, when my reason reprobated the folly of indulging a preference for a man who had not sought my love. At lady Morbury's masquerade, you flattered my woman's pride, by addressing me where I was so evidently shut out from conversation. In refusing the generous offer of sir Charles Felton, there was no difficulty. Had it been you instead of him, I should at that time have refused your hand, though I would have given you my heart. Under the ambiguity which attached to my appearance [illegible] would not have married any man. W[illegible] this do?"

"Perhaps it oug[illegible]ffice, my sweet, ingenuous

ingenuous girl; but you are too generous to stop here."

"The scent-box, Sidney," resumed Amelia, with a playful smile. "What a conscious criminal I was! I often resolved to return it, and as often endeavoured to forget it, when I saw you. I was angry with you in Friday-street. I thought you presuming in arraigning my motives, when you had not addressed me particularly."

"How just!" exclaimed our Englishman; "how delicately feminine!"

"It was vanity, Sidney—a pride equal to your own. I forgot to say, I almost loved you at Vauxhall—almost, I say. You laugh; but I will tell you when it was beyond a doubt. The evening of lady Tadcaster's ball, when you suspected I lived with Mrs. Tibbits. It did not escape my observation, how much you were interested in my contradiction of the report. Yes, I own your per[illegible]sive talent was overlooked in the express[illegible] read in your countenance. Now y[illegible]isfied."

"Most

"Most grateful, my beloved Amelia—happy beyond expression. Yet I deserved all your tenderness; you have lived exclusively in my remembrance from the day we first met. Ours is not a common love, drawn to each other by similarity of disposition; will you call me vain again, my love, if I say it was a dignified passion? I swear you appeared to me superior to all your sex!"

"Your avowal requires no answer, Sidney. I am your wife."

"Angelic girl!" exclaimed our Englishman. "This is the bliss for which I sighed. I knew the woman I loved would not refuse to acknowledge my interest in her heart."

As the door opened to admit sir Ormsby and the colonel, our heroine broke from the arms of Sidney, and fled to meet them.

"These married love[illegible] colonel," said the baronet, smiling a[illegible]tzhenry, "I fear our mission will n[illegible]hem comfort."

"What

"What has happened?" asked Amelia, with emotion.

Fitzhenry explained. "I differ from sir Ormsby, my love. You will consider the event a happy one. Mrs. Manderson has just received an account of the death of Adelaide. Mr. Henry Carberry imparted the intelligence. She died in Portugal, where she had accompanied her seducer, who did not, as reported, desert her. It seems her fate was lingering, occasioned by remorse, as a letter addressed to Durweston would imply. You may imagine how he is affected by the intelligence; yet I have no doubt he will soon acquire composure, and feel happy in his release from a woman so unworthy of him."

Our heroine, though shocked at the death of a woman who had been her early associate, whose mind she once believed pure as innocence could make it, was yet sensible it was an e[illegible]nt to be wished. The delicacy of her [illegible] feelings suggested the proper line of [illegible] at such a season.

Addressing

Addressing Mrs. Manderson, she bade her command *her* presence, soon as Edward could feel comfort from society; nor did she omit to offer her sentiments on the peace of mind Durweston would eventually acquire, when the first shock subsided.

Durweston was not many days ere he saw his friends. Had he not previously felt conscious of his affection and tenderness as a husband, he must have received consolation from the epistle of his dying Adelaide, who, with all the despair of guilt, bewailed her criminality, while she did justice to his generous and constant tenderness. She besought him to bring up her child in ignorance of his mother's crime; and commended herself to her father, in the most touching and humiliating language. She asked the prayers of Mrs. Manderson and Amelia; and concluded by saying, her mind was eased of its most poignant anguish, by the confession she made to her injured and too amiable Edward.

The autumn was n[illegible]ancing. It is a

season

season of peculiar beauty in the country. As a single man, Sidney had often (as we have related), considered the idleness of his life reprehensible. He now sat down to study the common law; it seemed to him an acquirement essential to the character of a country gentleman. He attended the county meetings, the assizes; and however unfashionable it may appear, was always present at the vestry of the parish, upon all special occasions. "There is a species of information to be acquired by mixing with the people of a place," would he say, "which must teach an observer to discriminate; and if, like myself, their property is in a degree vested in the produce of the land on which one resides, humanity, not less than policy, should lead a man to enter into the interests of the soil which affords him the comforts of life. I am persuaded the petty tyranny which sometimes exists amongst a tenantry would be diminished, [illegible] not extirpated, if those who derive th[illegible]test advantages from agriculture

agriculture were acquainted with the oppression of their inferiors."

Wentworth was his own steward. "I will see all my tenants," said he, one morning, to Fitzhenry, as a young farmer retired from the library; "there shall be no griping where I am considered master; nor any favour shewn, merely because a man has the power to be a villain. Nor will I have a large farm on my estate. The property I enjoy was my mother's; it has ever been the character of the Vavasour estate, that its inhabitants were happy, because its owners were influenced by wishes for their good, and content in the benefits derived from it. I should blush to bring misery into the place which supports me. To increase their comforts would be my pride, but it shall be done with a strict regard to justice."

"Then you will pay and receive all monies, Wentw[illegible]th? It is a good plan; though indeed I am al[illegible]t a stranger to the value of Englis[illegible]ney now. Is it from

from distrust of the class of persons usually employed on these occasions, or a wish to be employed, that you have taken this resolution?"

"Distrust is not a trait of character attached to an Englishman, colonel," replied Sidney; "though I own *I* am influenced by each of the motives you name. I was witness to a scene, some years since, in which the good name of a man I valued was traduced most odiously. Through the nefarious practices of his steward, he appeared a very Shylock, oppressive and vile in the extreme. I made my own observations on the subject. My friend seldom visited his estate. Meeting him in London, we fell into our usual habit of visiting. I was surprised by his requesting a temporary loan from my purse. I complied with pleasure. He declared landed property was of no value to a [illegible]; he had the worst tenants i[illegible] the co[illegible]; could never bring them to a [illegible]lement.

"My princip[illegible]d not suffer me to let

let him remain in error. I imparted all I knew on the subject. It was some time ere I could convince him I was right. His agent was a man he had raised from misery—a man of sense, strongly attached to him. I intreated him to lose no time in seeking into the fact. He did so. He found my report accurate. A scene of misery presented itself in the distress of his poorer tenants. The fellow was dismissed, mulcted of his withheld receipts, on the interest of which he had been living in guilty ease.

"I resolved, from that moment, never to place the happiness of my tenantry in the power of such an authority; and now, my dear colonel, now I have a gentle partner, whose tender heart leads her to investigate causes, whose discernment has already directed my attention to objects who justly clai[illegible]ur support, it would be unpardonable [illegible]ne, w[illegible] I blind to the bliss which surro[illegible]nds [illegible] while the occupation of a few h[illegible] [illegible] day is a pleasing

sing resource to a man who has ever held idleness in abhorrence."

It was not the colouring of a lover which thus embellished the character of our heroine. She was, indeed, the gentle messenger of comfort to all who required her aid. It was usual to see her seated at the door of a cottage, listening to the wants of its inhabitants, or reproving the thoughtless child, whose unformed mind knew not the value of parental care. Frequently would she dispense rewards to such as confessed their faults, and were emulous to gain her good word. In her household all was harmony. Convinced, in her own mind, feuds amongst servants are common; that while their duties appeared well performed, nor required the interference of their employers, they yet nourished the most cruel animosity towards each other, living in habits of sullen [illegible] and resentment truly unchristian, she [illegible]ed on adopting a plan which should make such disunion impractic[illegible] her family. Thus,

every

every Sunday morning, previous to going to church, all the servants were summoned into her presence, and questioned with respect to the harmony in which they lived? whether they had a complaint to make, or were satisfied to remain in her service? "A falsehood I will never overlook," said our young matron, when she first collect ed her humble friends around her: "I am well satisfied with you; but this is not enough; I should lament if you were not happy in yourselves. Speak unreservedly. Do you live in fellowship, assisting each other cheerfully?" As yet no murmur had been heard. There was a zeal, a warmth in the domestics of our Englishman, which forcibly express d the love they bore their employers.

As Ameli ... d to dismiss her little audience, it wa ... one usual mode of expression. " ... ake me happy," would she say. "N ... my fr nds, we may all go to church to ethe ... he God we serve has declared, 'a ... ded against itself

cannot

cannot stand ;' but he blesses the dwelling of the peaceable. May we ever continue to live in peace !"

This arrangement of our heroine's may, and I am persuaded it will, excite the smile of a fashionable reader, whose servants' offices are, for the most part, a second Pandemonium. I am aware very exalted families have not always the *power* of dismissing them ; there are certain disbursements to be made, in such cases, which infringe on their own enjoyments ; and *self* is not a trifling consideration to the persons of this description. So many of my delineations will come under the denomination of *fastidious opinions*, ideas infinitely below the adoption of women in the situation of our heroine, it would seem necessary to apologize for my plebeia[illegible]tches, if the poet had not offered on[illegible]e.

> " Old fashions please me bes[illegible] not so nice
> To change true [illegible] for odd [illegible]entions."

It was obser[illegible] Englishman and his

his wife, that lady Layton was a constant visitor at the farm; Louisa was ever her companion; and as Amelia, one morning, found her fair friend in the act of offering advice to Durweston, on the subject of his plants, and describing the effects of the climate on some which the autumnal blasts had injured, she thought she beheld in Edward an interest in her remarks, which caused her to regard him attentively. She turned from him to Louisa; deep blushes mantled on her cheeks; and half-convinced the prepossession was mutual, she believed Henry Carberry must find a wife elsewhere. Wentworth entered the garden, and the party joined him.

"This is prett[illegible]," said Sidney, pausing at a spot enc[illegible] by hearts-ease, now withering to de[illegible] "It will bloom again, Ned; but th[illegible]uld be a substitute for the season adv[illegible]."

Durweston s[illegible] langu[illegible]lly, yet his eye took a direction n[illegible]t los[illegible] our Englishman. "*You* have soug[illegible]ppiness which makes

makes you independant of casualties, Wentworth. I may be equally sensible to the charms of domestic life, though I have *hitherto* been forbidden to think of it."

"Hitherto!" echoed Sidney. "I like your emphasis, Ned; there is something of promise in your reply. My father has been giving you a wife this morning; it would be odd, after all his successless negotiations, he should have chosen properly for you."

"My aunt does not know the lateness of the hour," said Louisa Beverly, hiding her confusion by resorting to her watch. "We shall scarcely have time to dress before dinner."

"You expect a lover, Louisa," said Sidney. "Is it Mordaunt, or A——?"

"No, no; you know [illegible], Wentworth. How could you supp[illegible]such an idiot?" and hastening up th[illegible], left Amelia and Sidney in [illegible] a secret, which gave them the [illegible] satisfaction.

Not equally [illegible]s Durweston. That he

he admired Louisa Beverly, was beyond a doubt; but that a young woman of her fortune and connexions would give herself to a man whose income was so moderate, he could not believe; nor would he cherish a preference so hopeless. This was his resolution in absence; when she appeared, he forgot his determined prudence. She was fond of his boy; he frequently passed whole days at the Hall; and if he chose to venture there, for the purpose of leading Charles home, if he forgot the flight of time, and sat playing on the organ, at the request of Louisa, until it was too late for the child to be exposed to the air, he must leave him, and take breakfast with them in the morning; he could not bring him sel to believe he was increasing his lc et it was soon too evident to be co . The plants she approved were h nediate care; every improvement s ggeste was instantly adopted. They m t i eir walks, read the same books, t committing

themselves

themselves by words, were sincerely attached to each other.

Sir George and lady Beverly, at this time, returned from a visit of some weeks. Mutual visits ensued. Lady Layton, who was no stranger to the heart of her niece, imparted her suspicions to her nephew.

"If he loves Louisa, why don't he make proposals to her?" said sir George.

Lady Layton believed it possible, from her general observation of Durweston, he was not void of pride. "Though he loves my niece, George," said her ladyship, "I am not quite certain he will avow himself. He feels he is not equal to her in point of fortune. Would you give Louisa to him, if assured it was his wish to make her his wife?"

"Certainly," replie[illegible] baronet. "I like Durweston; and [illegible]ess in marriage is the first considerat[illegible]

"Enough, George[illegible]eave it to me; doubt not I w[illegible] the feelings of my niece, while [illegible] excellent Mr. Durweston

weston to understand he will be accepted."

The amiable mediation of lady Layton proved unnecessary, Fanny Beverly, with that thoughtless gaiety which marked her character, eliciting in one hour more than ages of prudence could have produced. Returning from a morning ride, she passed the farm; discovering her sister and Amelia in the garden, she dismounted, and joined them. As she advanced towards the little group, her face beaming with saucy smiles, "I am a second Columbus," said she, "and am now on a voyage of discovery. Answer for yourself, Durweston; how is it I have lost my sister? By what charm do you detain her from me?"

"Her prese ce gives the charm to my humble dwelli plied Durweston, with more gallantry he had ever before used.

"Fanny, how u be so ridiculous?" said Louisa.

"Talk not of the , my dear; I never

never saw any thing look half so silly as you do at this moment. 'Pon honour, I believe Cupid has been at work here; or does he preside over your household, Durweston?"

"Venus presides at present, Miss Beverly," and he bowed to Louisa. "I wish I dared believe your allusion; but it is cruel to raise hopes in a mind by nature too sanguine."

"Cruel! positively, you are a prude, Durweston, as if you were as blind as you would seem to be. How Louisa may like such a swain, I know not; but certainly *I* should fly off from a man who required such hints."

"My dear Miss Beverly," resumed Edward, taking the arm of Fanny, and leading her down a walk, [illegible] you serious in believing sir Geo[illegible]erly would give your sister to me? [illegible]ove her, I avow; but to be re[illegible]sed [illegible] I could not bear. Will you set [illegible] ease on this head?"

"Ask an[illegible]all have," said the giddy

giddy Fanny. "George would accede; I know he would; and if he were such a churl as to refuse, be happy without him; *we* are independant."

"Heaven bless you!" exclaimed Edward. "I will see your brother directly;" and returning to Amelia and her friend, our heroine readily understood the nature of their conference; and while she rejoiced in the happy prospects of Edward, she was more than ever grateful her love had never been subjected to an interference like that of the thoughtless Fanny Beverly's.

Sir George received Durweston with marked kindness; and without suffering him to solicit a favour he had the power to bestow, generou ly cknowledged he was prepared to mee vishes.

Durweston nsible of the generosity of the bai and as he hastened to impart his hap to his mistress, a feeling of conscious ride elled his bosom. "It is a distinctio ommon kind," said

said he; "a disinterested, noble acquiescence. Though I would share a throne with Louisa, there are few families would embrace a union with a man who can only offer her the mere comforts of life."

Their loves thus sanctioned, it was agreed their marriage should take place early in the ensuing year; Durweston not hesitating to avow he consented to the delay, until he had worn mourning for his deceased wife three months.

That Mrs. Manderson owned herself grateful on an occasion so interesting to her filial heart, it were unnecessary to say. Louisa was the woman *she* would have selected for her nephew. Docile, sensible, and engaging, naturally domestic, she secured the good his m[illegible] nature reason would have sought, h[illegible]aited until under its influence.

Wentworth corre[illegible]d with lord Osterly, whose gratitude [illegible]as expressed in the most lively te[illegible] He remitted a large

proportion of the money advanced by our hero in liberating him; and gladdened the heart of Sidney, by declaring the *douceur* of a hundred pounds, sent by our hero to Singleton, had proved highly beneficial to the unfortunate pair. "I have not been idle, my dear Wentworth," said the peer, in the close of one of his letters. "Singleton will be at liberty ere long; I have seen his creditors, who will compound with him. My poor aunt is striving to appear happy; it will not do; she looks miserably."

It was about this time Fitzhenry received the intimation of the arrival of general Dalton, and at the same time letters from India. Amongst others was one which fully accounted fo[illegible] non-arrival of his intended libera[illegible] our heroine, the female with wh[illegible]ays had been wasted acknowledging [illegible] detained his letters. Deep and comp[illegible]ous were his feelings as he read the vil[illegible]mation; nor could he immediately d[illegible]lose to Mrs. Manderson

the

the extent of his credulity, in permitting such a woman to own such influence over him. The general, as was expected by Fitzhenry, was seriously offended at the marriage of his daughter; and though he forbore to express his displeasure to the earl and his lady, he removed lady Maria from her aunt, forming an establishment of his own for the amiable girl.

Though sir Charles Felton visited Westbourne for the pleasure of teazing the earl, he was considered by lady Morbury as having discovered an attraction at the castle which diverted his purpose. The baronet strongly denied the charge; but his fair cousin persisted in believing lady Maria had made a conquest of his heart.

It is a general observation, whatever follies a man may commit, he makes no allowance for the foibles of others. Lord Arlingham was of this character. *Outré* as was his marriage, he resolutely opposed lady Anna's union with Lennard. At length, tired out by the prejudices of the proud earl,

earl, Lennard demanded an audience, and requested to know his objections.

My lord, unused to be questioned, was intemperate in his reply.

"We will marry without your leave," said Lennard. "No man can attack my principles. I want none of your money, and Anna is of age." Quitting Westbourne, he followed his mistress to London, and besought lady Morbury to consent to their union. Her ladyship was well-disposed towards Lennard, yet she would not sanction a breach of duty. She addressed the earl, and uniting the request of her niece with her own, entreated him to assent to their marriage.

Lady Charlotte, who now ruled the proud lord, he who had so vauntingly declared him[illegible] creature to be obeyed, was now lau[illegible] into her whims, a mere child in her h[illegible]

"Let her [illegible] is formidable captain, my dear lord[illegible] he little flatterer, as lord Arling[illegible] his sister's letter to

lady Charlotte. "You should be compassionate, my lord; remember how lately *you* were a lover," and she took the hand of the peer. "Really, I wish lady Anna would change her name. I don't like the idea of being known for a mother-in-law."

"If it would give you pleasure, my dear," said the earl, "I might be brought to consent. And would it indeed be agreeable to my little Charlotte? Does the word stepmother offend you?"

"Now you are cross, my lord; you know *I* could not be offended."

"Your ladyship knows what becomes you," said the earl. "Your Arlingham is disposed to do as you require. Write to lady Anna, and say you have entreated me on the subject. I will enclose it with my own letter, which must b[illegible]f."

The letters were dis[illegible]d; and in a few days after the rec[illegible] the welcome messengers, lady Ann[illegible]ne the wife of Lennard. The pom[illegible]t of lady Arlingham was comm[illegible]e flames by

the

the captain; he could not bear the insolent tone in which it was couched; for though, to her lord, she observed that designing sort of playfulness which moulded him to her wishes, to every body else she was insultingly overbearing, never forgetting, in the most trivial instance, she was a countess. Nor was her attachment to lady Tadcaster equal to the expectation of that lady, whose income, diminished by the removal of her nieces, caused her not unfrequently to sue to the countess for assistance. Lady Charlotte wondered at her aunt—her extravagance was scandalous—did she think *she* was made of money?—she could send her no more; while lady Maria was strenuous to restore lady Tadcaster to the friendship of the general, and sought occasions to giv her proofs of her affectionate regar

It is now e ll the usual purposes of fiction hav exhibited in the foregoing page arriage of the hero and heroine ch in which the au-

 thor

thor takes leave. I have exceeded the usual privilege, and have perhaps excited satiety, in place of offering amusement.—Bishop Bentley recommended his son "never to read a book to which he could not refer." Now I am in no danger of being remembered, after being *once* perused. A *novel-reader*, like a *barouche-driver*, pushes on, and reaches the goal, without pausing to reflect. It is perhaps well for the *writer* he does not. If the *buck reflected*, he would cut with the profession; and if the reader took the trouble to reflect, what then? why the *book* would be cut up. Then I sincerely hope this work will fall into the hands of those only who will consider it, as the writer means it—a work of imagination, in which she trusts she has not outraged na[illegible]. If, in some points, she has exalte[illegible] character of man, she feels it is an [illegible]at will be forgiven. For those p[illegible] which will, of necessity, creep [illegible]empt so copious, she often [illegible] in the words

of

of the elegant Sheridan :—" Faded ideas float in the fancy like half-forgotten dreams; and imagination, in its fullest enjoyments, becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created or adopted."

I once more feel it necessary to give my reason for placing my heroine in a state of dependance. Had I led the reader to contemplate a woman of fashion, in her ceaseless round of dissipation, it would have been no novel, nor could I have followed her accurately. The fashion of PUBLIC *characters* might change, even while my pen was employed in their SERVICE. Nor are *personalties* the province of the novelist. Had I transformed a rustic, elevated an opera-dancer, or brought any other unenlightened being under your notice, you would have detected her vulgarities, and p[illegible] imed me a stranger to good breedi[illegible] lly unacquainted with the rules o[illegible] I chose my own path, and have [illegible] for your favour, a woman, w[illegible] perfectly attainable;

tainable; one who *should* be recognised by women of education. The only difference is—*she* was not educated for the *world.* Feminine in mind and manner, she shunned the public gaze, and was content in retirement, nor sought applause.

"No merit in her," says the youthful reader. "Would not any girl be happy with such a man as Wentworth?" I hope he will attain this distinction, for *I* think he is a perfect man. "*Entré nous,* would he have taken any than a woman like Amelia?" I fear not. Then you are wrong—she has the merit of being superior to the force of example. She was *chaste* in mind and PERSON; free from affectation, and consequently sincere; in short, the only woman I could present as a wife to my "ENGLISHMAN." Receive hi[illegible] cordially; he is worthy of esteem; but [illegible]e no mistakes; do not dignify every [illegible]ome man you see by the name of [illegible]. The exterior may attr[illegible] *heart* you should prove [illegible] heart away.

For

For those scenes in which I have pained the sensibility of the reader, I make no excuse. Misery exists; it may be alleviated. If I *dictate* the manner in which you should act, am I accountable for your remissness? Give me proofs of your sympathy, and I will write in commendation of your amended principles. Till then, I again seek the aid of Sheridan—

> "Go! and on real misery bestow,
> The blest effusions of fictitious woe!"

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